

VASSAR COLLEGE  
LIBRARY

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

## POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,583, Vol. 61.

February 27, 1886.

[Registered for  
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

### CALLING IN THE JACOBINS.

THE surprise which Mr. JOHN MORLEY's recent answer concerning evictions appears to have produced in the general mind may not be wholly creditable to the intelligence or, at best, to the observation of Englishmen. It would appear that they allow men to be appointed to the highest offices of State without having the least idea what manner of men they are. It is one of the characteristics which favourably distinguish Mr. MORLEY from the GLADSTONES, the HARCOURTS, and the CHAMBERLAINS that he has never concealed and never changed his opinions, has never belied them by deriving profit from systems which he has afterwards sought popularity by denouncing, or by hanging on first to this great man and then to that for the sake of office and power. He has always been a consistent Jacobin, and as long as his Jacobinism found merely literary expression it was, of course, of little or no importance to other people. He is now in a position to give it something else than literary expression, and the duty of the partisans of order towards him is of course somewhat changed. But he may certainly plead that nothing which he has said or done ought to have taken the public by surprise; unless, indeed, it be a surprising thing that a man should act in office up to the principles he has professed out of it.

Still, the surprise has been felt, and while it is to be hoped that the results will be salutary, it may be admitted that there is some little excuse for it. The manner of Mr. MORLEY's now celebrated announcement may have counted for something, inasmuch as Englishmen might naturally be surprised to see the IRISH SECRETARY kissing the feet of the Yahoos who follow Mr. PARNELL. The matter was in itself, and as considered apart from the speaker, still more extraordinary. That hackneyed and obsolete document *Magna Charta* is commonly supposed to have laid down the proposition, "We will deny justice to no man." Mr. JOHN MORLEY has improved on this restriction on personal liberty, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would probably call it. He reads (and his reading, though qualified and softened by his own and other glosses, remains on record), "We will deny justice to no man, except a land-lord, and perhaps not to him, unless we see fit." And the circumstances of the proposed exertion of this singular dispensing power are such as to add to the astonishment. The rights which Mr. MORLEY is going not to enforce when it seems good to him-by-himself-him are not musty privileges of corrupt antiquity. They are the fruit of the legislation of four years ago—legislation carried by Mr. MORLEY's present chief, as an express and final settlement of the claims of the persons in whose interest Mr. MORLEY proposes to interfere. They represent former rights which on that recent occasion were heavily cut down, with the express purpose of reducing them within possible limits. Mr. MORLEY's new, and surely unfamiliar, allies, the Irish Roman Catholic prelates—for the new IRISH SECRETARY appears like GLOSTER between a brace of holy bishops—the extremely Reverend DRS. CROKE and WALSH—describe the rents which it is sought to enforce as "impossible." It is hardly necessary to say that a fair rent can by no possibility be an impossible rent; and every rent in Ireland is now either fair by the judicial declaration of the law as formulated by Mr. GLADSTONE himself, or such as was deliberately excluded from the operation of that law as fair already, or such as the tenant did not care to protest against. Therefore, on any ground except the

merely Jacobin one ("If you have had it so long, citizen, it is 'time for some other citizen to take his turn'"), Mr. MORLEY's proposed interference is flagrantly illegal and inequitable, lacking even that rag of argumentative excuse which the old dispensing power had. The most arbitrary of the STUARTS never claimed the power of foregoing a debt due to somebody else, or of preventing a contracting party from enforcing the penalty of a broken contract. He simply claimed to do beforehand what he had an undoubted right to do afterwards, and to exempt offences against his prerogative, not against private rights, from the penalty, instead of remitting it.

This, however, is only the first instance in actual administration (for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's doctrines have hitherto been talk only) of the results of calling in the Jacobins to prop Mr. GLADSTONE's tottering power. It will not, of course, do to force the historical parallel between Mr. MORLEY and ROBESPIERRE. The member for Newcastle is, we feel sure, as incorruptible as the member for Arras. But it is, on the whole, improbable that Mr. GLADSTONE will ever have to utter to Mr. MORLEY the expostulation, "Que tu m'embêtes avec ton Être Suprême!" The serenity of the intercourse between PRIME MINISTER and IRISH SECRETARY is not likely to be interrupted on that ground. Still, it would be too much to expect that historical characters should exactly reproduce themselves. The point is that Mr. MORLEY and the school of politicians of whom he is the most honestly eminent and the most eminently honest are Jacobins, and nothing else. They have the Jacobin belief, not quite sane in its very intensity, that the whole social and political order of the country needs to be turned upside down. They have the Jacobin blind eye for justice to the persons and the principles that they dislike, and the Jacobin passionate tongue for claiming justice towards the persons and the principles that they affect. They have what may be called the Jacobin debating-club idiosyncrasy, as opposed to the idiosyncrasy of the practical politician, which has hitherto, for the most part, distinguished English Governments. They have the Jacobin serene indifference to consequences, and the Jacobin single-eyed devotion to their own preposterous principles. We really do not know whether there is any reason for crediting them with dislike of the sanguinary consistency in deeds as well as in words that marked their spiritual ancestors. At any rate, their alliance with a party double-dyed in blood and outrage like the party of Mr. PARNELL does not show any very great squeamishness. It is this school which Mr. MORLEY represents for the first time in the councils of the QUEEN. We say for the first time, because the politically defunct Sir CHARLES DILKE and the politically living, if not politically healthy, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN never were Jacobins pure and simple, but only politicians who chose to borrow parts of the Jacobin creed in order to gain place and power, and perhaps opportunity of securing certain special political objects. It is the quality of sincerity and thoroughness in which Mr. MORLEY differs so much from his departed and his living allies of Cabinet rank. And it is precisely this quality of sincerity, of thorough and single-minded belief in his own mischievous scheme of politics, which the average Englishman ought to understand in Mr. MORLEY to make him understand what he has got to do with Mr. MORLEY. There were no delusions in Sir CHARLES DILKE's mind, and only the Providence of the Tory party prevented him from being a Tory. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN

could get over his inborn middle-class hatred of the "nobility" and "gentry" and his inborn Nonconformist hatred of the Church of England, we might see him a staunch Conservative, at least as staunchness applies to his present Radicalism, which has nothing whatever to do with principle. But the true-born Jacobin is of quite another kind to these. He is merely a fanatic—a fanatic who, like other fanatics, may be often a very agreeable and useful member of society so long as his particular fanaticism is dormant, or has only speculative play, but a curse to that society as soon as it becomes active and is able to develop itself. It is now simply a question how long the non-Jacobin portion of the Liberal party—mere Radicals are rapidly becoming as much fossil as mere Whigs—will continue to act with the Jacobin portion, and how long Englishmen in general will, by sheer want of understanding, prepare the way for a *conquête Jacobine*. One hope indeed there is, and it should not be lost sight of. There could have been no *conquête Jacobine* if there had been no emigration, and if the classes representing property and intelligence in France had not succumbed almost without a conflict to the handful of fanatics who were bent on destruction. It is never safe to prophesy anything of Englishmen after Majuba and the Phoenix Park and Khar-toum. But, unless the corresponding class in England takes a fancy to go to some new Coblenz, which is hardly conceivable, the Jacobin conquest of England will be no such easy matter.

#### THE UNEMPLOYED.

A VERY respectable feeling that honest men should not be allowed to suffer for the misdeeds of rogues and fools has led to a great increase of almsgiving within these last three weeks. Up to a certain point this is satisfactory. Some at least of the recipients will benefit by the help given them, and the people who give, not always out of their abundance, to their unlucky neighbours will at least do themselves nothing but good. But whether this rush of charity is a wholly commendable thing in itself is quite another question. The newspaper reports of what is being done by the various committees formed in London and the provinces to help the unemployed certainly contain nothing to show that there is not a large element of mere gush in the movement. Evidences of zeal are abundant, and there are not wanting signs of attempts to give with discrimination, but it is by no means apparent that the knowledge of the charitable is equal to their good-will. There seems to be astonishingly little known as to the real nature of the distress prevailing among the working classes. It would be easy enough to draw up a list of questions which ought to be answered by any one who wishes to deal effectually with the very difficult question of how to better the class which is always more or less on the verge of pauperism. The questions are asked often enough, but rarely replied to, and they are as good as shirked at present. Is the distress a merely temporary thing, or is it more or less permanent among a part of the population of our great towns? In this latter case can it be met by occasional doles? Are the men and women who suffer from it industrious workpeople who could and would work if they had the chance, or are they the weaker members of their class who have been shouldered out by the stronger? If so, what permanent good can be done for them? Is it or is it not the case that a very large percentage of the unemployed, and the most noisy part too, belong to that considerable body of Englishmen who have the vagabondizing spirit very strong in them, and who prefer occasional starvation, with odd jobs now and then, to regular and monotonous work? Are not these the very sort of persons who are most likely to push forward and fill up applications for help? From some of the reports it would seem that these last are not idle at present. The crowd which was drawn to Messrs. Dobson's, at East Dulwich, by a stupid hoax, and then revenged itself by trying to smash the premises of these gentlemen, did not obviously consist wholly of honest poor men.

The deputation which waited in the course of this week on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN neither contributed anything towards the clearing up of these difficulties themselves nor got much out of that astute politician. They went in hope, because, as the Rev. BUCHANAN RYLEY observed, "the advent of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his colleagues to power had inevitably quickened the expectation that something would be done." They came away with nothing more encouraging than a declaration on the part of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that

somebody else ought to do it. He did nothing for the deputation but dribble cold water on all its suggestions except one. Of course the exception was the remedy known as three acres and a cow in the libellous vocabulary of the wicked Tories. Mr. G. MITCHELL "urged the speedy adoption of the plan suggested by Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, and said there was not a more practical remedy for the present distress than to take men back to the land and let them cultivate it for the good of the whole country." Poor victims of distress, if this is the most practical remedy! Mr. CHAMBERLAIN smiled on Mr. GEORGE MITCHELL, and said he hoped speedily to do something for "the persons who at present are cultivating the land for the benefit of others and very little to their own advantage." This was nice; but the member for Birmingham knows how much easier it is to talk spiteful claptrap than to play the wonderful trick he and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS have been promising to perform. The magic allotment which is to be paid for by money got nobody knows from whom, worked by capital obtained nobody knows how, and produce profits in some manner to be hereafter explained, has a good turn of service to do as a bait yet. For the present, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN explained, it is useless as a remedy for distress. If Mr. GEORGE MITCHELL will read the interesting correspondence between the Rev. G. T. RIVES and the secretaries of Messrs. CHAMBERLAIN and COLLINGS, he will discover that the healing allotment is to be a drug altogether beyond the resources of the unemployed. It is to be for the exclusive use of the small capitalist, or so says Mr. COLLINGS, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says nothing to the contrary, and indeed nothing more hopeful than that all Tories are liars. The unemployed cannot, however, live upon general principles alone, even when they happen to be useful to Radical members for Birmingham. The deputation must accordingly have waited for what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had to say after patting Mr. GEORGE MITCHELL on the back, and telling him to be of good cheer, for that something will be done in the future for quite another class of persons than the unemployed. What he had to say did not amount to much in substance. He sat upon Mr. GEORGE POTTER for suggesting emigration, and expressed his dislike of any "policy of expropriation on a large scale" of British subjects. What, an Irish Land Act, and afraid of expropriation! Or is it that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN cannot deprive any Briton of a portion of a chance of one day being in a position to get those three acres and that cow? Or perhaps it was only a misprint for expatriation, not surprising in a paper which made Sir E. HENDERSON nominate himself to the Chief Commissionership of Police after a six years' tenure of the Home Office. Those of us who have not taken up emigration as a universal medicine very much as Mr. COLLINGS has devoted himself to allotments, will find not a little to agree with in what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had to say on the subject. The Colonies, as he pointed out, will not take our paupers and weaklings, still less our vagabonds. Now these are the very men and women with whom we find it so difficult to deal. Emigration is an admirable thing for the sober, strong, and industrious workman who has a few pounds in his pocket; but then this is not the sort of man who becomes distressed. Moreover, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who as a Radical ought to know the great heart of the people, pointed out that the working class in the Colonies can have no wish to see the rate of wages brought down by an influx of new candidates for employment, and, seeing how much human nature there is everywhere, we can very well believe it. To sum up, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would have nothing to say to emigration, and snubbed Mr. POTTER as being a kind of Malthusian and no better than one of the wicked. On the subject of public works undertaken by the State he was, the deputation must have thought, as unprofitable and as cold as the north wind. He did not know how they were to be undertaken, nor where, nor for how long, nor who was to be employed on them, or to find the money. A very little more and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would have uttered the cynical truth that public works of this kind are only a very costly and roundabout form of outdoor relief, which has the fatal defect of opening the door to endless jobbery, and providing a standing dish for all the loafers of the country to cut at and come again.

When the member for Birmingham had done pointing out all the things which Government could not do, he showed the deputation to the door, and through it to the road leading to a land of promise. He told them that though the Government could do nothing, the



Vestries and Local Boards might and ought. In fact he was of opinion that what the State ought not to do wholesale could and should be done in retail by small and obscure authorities. Now there is no doubt that this is a possible alternative. Before the State can undertake great public works it is necessary to get the consent of the House of Commons, and though members are not in a stingy mood, they might hesitate before starting on a policy entailing the outlay of millions, and which would be very difficult to stop. This obstacle would not present itself in the same proportions in the case of a Vestry. With the good-will of the Local Government Board these bodies could always contract loans, and start on the most stately enterprises. The ratepayer would find the consequences unpleasant after a time, but in the meanwhile many respectable citizens who had something to sell and something to contract for would find a nice pie provided to put their fingers into. As many of them sit on the Vestries, they would have a natural inclination towards a method of giving one to their neighbours and two to themselves. Under pretence of helping the unemployed we should set going a revel of jobbery. It is beginning to be time that the Egyptian Skeleton should discharge the high duties of his office, and remind a sentimental generation of the issues before it. Is the State bound to do more than provide food and cover for the destitute, or is it to enter into the industrial market as an intermittent competitor? Perhaps this had better be cleared up before national workshops are started in holes and corners. Then, too, if the Regiment of Industry is to be taken out of the region of metaphor and interpreted into practice, let us have it complete. The scheme includes the captain of industry with his power of putting iron collars on lazy necks, and applying the lash to loafers. Now, Heaven forbid that we should have to live in a world where every man was treated according to his deserts!

#### THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE BILL.

THE second reading of the Woman's Suffrage Bill was carried by methods which must have been almost as gratifying to Mr. COURTNEY's clients as their substantial success. Victory would have been less welcome if it had not been achieved or facilitated by an ingenious artifice. According to Mrs. FAWCETT, the supporters of the measure had calculated on the possible collapse of the debate on the Address which actually occurred. Their opponents might, as she justly observes, have been equally on the alert; but, as it happened, they were not thinking of the subject, and most of them went quietly home. After a trivial discussion of an hour or two, the Bill was carried through its most important stage, with the result, if both Houses are equally apathetic in the future, of effecting a revolutionary change in the Constitution. Mrs. FAWCETT, indeed, asserts that a large majority of those members of the House of Commons who have declared their opinion is favourable to the scheme of female suffrage. If she is rightly informed, the pledged supporters of the measure number three hundred, while many others may for the present be regarded as neutral. The demoralizing tendency of popular elections is illustrated by every additional instance of the readiness of candidates to yield to the pressure of small and active bodies of specialist agitators. Something is to be gained by deference to the fancies of cliques and coteries, and nothing is lost, because the public interest is not directly represented. The commercial monopolies which are maintained in almost all parts of the world are rendered possible by the operation of a similar cause. The producers, though they are few in number, prevail over the vast community of consumers by superior earnestness and better organization. Advocates of female suffrage are more disinterested than Protectionist manufacturers, but they are equally devoted to the attainment of their object.

Another peculiarity in the Bill further recommends it to feminine approval. The real purpose of the promoters is veiled under a thin and temporary disguise. There is a show of diplomatic adroitness in the difference between the ostensible provisions of the Bill and the ulterior measures to which it is intended to lead. The enfranchisement of female householders and owners would not have the immediate effect of swamping the existing constituencies; but, as recent experience shows, the ladies who demand votes are justified in their confident belief that an illogical limitation cannot be long maintained. The en-

franchisement of large numbers of widows and unmarried women would be inconsistent with the permanent exclusion of the majority of wives from the suffrage. The woman on the other side of the hedge would, like her male prototype, claim admission within the electoral inclosure, especially as she would on the average have higher qualifications than the privileged voter. Married women will not easily be persuaded that they are not the aristocracy of their sex. The same result would follow in the not improbable contingency of a general extension of the suffrage. Mr. COURTNEY's Bill would excite little enthusiasm but for the expectation that it will be soon superseded by a more comprehensive measure. The attainment by stratagem or accident of a fictitious object has naturally gratified the strong-minded ladies who conduct the agitation, as well as their less uniformly strong-minded coadjutors and instruments; yet there must be a lurking suspicion that the success of the movement is not yet finally secured. Although the first fox has been chopped in cover, the field will perhaps still insist on a run. The prospective addition of six millions of new voters to the constituency will scarcely be effected without one or two serious debates. It is true that, according to Mrs. FAWCETT's calculation, the result may be the same, but election promises are sometimes broken or evaded.

The summary reversal of the practice of all ages and nations would argue a levity which would certainly not have been exhibited by any previous Parliament; but there is too much reason to fear that the successful demand of new political rights has not been accompanied by a corresponding recognition of duties. During the Egyptian disasters of last year the zealous advocates of the Franchise Bill were never tired of asserting, apparently with reason, that the people in general cared nothing about foreign affairs. Mr. LABOUCHERE lately made a statement to the same effect on the still more urgent difficulties of Irish government. The mass of voters are, in his opinion, indifferent to Home Rule and to all similar issues, and they are only concerned with their own material interests. An absolute sovereign who should decline to exercise his most important functions might in certain cases be liable to deposition or revolution. The former rulers of England could not be plausibly charged with neglect of the most vital questions affecting the Empire. As a minority they were responsible to the country, and there were methods by which, in case of need, they might be called to account. A despot who declines to acknowledge his primary duties is not the more respectable because he may be irremovable. It is difficult to judge whether the proposed admission of women to the suffrage is really popular. The movement has hitherto been confined to small groups and obscure associations. The only class of which it is possible to ascertain the deliberate opinion, consisting of women of a certain social status, generally dislike the proposal. It is not known whether the wives and daughters of the working classes take any interest in the question. The Parliamentary promoters of the measure indicate by their successful attempt to snap a majority their consciousness of a general indifference which borders on contempt.

As Sir HENRY MAINE and other writers have remarked, democracy means the minute subdivision of political power. The Franchise Act of last year greatly increased the number of partners in the national firm, and now it is suddenly promised that the value of each vote should be reduced by one-half, though the process will not be completed at a single stage. If all the voters who are to be enfranchised were equal and similar to the present constituents, the mere increase in numbers would be inconvenient and objectionable. The introduction of a novel and heterogeneous element is still more questionable. There is no reason to believe that the admission of women to subordinate franchises has had a beneficial effect; but the election of Municipal Corporations and of School Boards affords comparatively small opportunities of mischief. It is not known whether some troublesome lady members of former London School Boards owed their election to the votes of female ratepayers. Mr. BRIGHT, who once dabbled in the agitation, was some years ago converted to the doctrine of expediency and common sense by the injurious results which he attributed to the municipal enfranchisement of women. The experiment has been tried on a larger scale in America, where some of the Territories allow women to vote in local and federal elections. Their example has thus far not been followed by a single State, though the Americans have an almost superstitious faith in the suffrage, and though they

would undoubtedly respect the judgment of women of their own race more highly than that of male Southern negroes. The reason of the restriction of the franchise to men is that the people still retain a serious belief in the rights and duties which it confers. They have learned to control the votes of the emancipated population of the South by means which would not be applicable to the women of their own households.

There is some difficulty in conducting a controversy in which the determining reasons scarcely admit of explicit argument or statement. Men of sense understand and respect the nature of women, and abstain as much as possible from formulating even in their own minds the conclusions which they cannot help accepting. They are content to know that the opinions of the ablest women are not habitually dependent on considerations either of abstract justice or of prosaic expediency. In political matters the best women would follow the lead of their natural guides; the rest might take independent action on grounds which would be generally insufficient. It is true that all general propositions which can be enunciated on the character and tendencies of women are apparently dogmatic. They are only justified as far as they commend themselves to the general judgment. Mr. COURTNEY's expectation that women will be trained to the functions which they are to exercise seems to imply a belief that the differences between men and women are accidental and transitory. It may be added that few men would approve of the anticipated transformation if it could be accomplished. The restless energy and fluent readiness of a few ladies who appear on public platforms are only tolerated as comparatively harmless eccentricities. If the practice became more general, the real arbiters of public policy would wait till feminine eloquence had done its utmost, and then settle practical questions in accordance with their own judgment. No answer has ever been given to the suggestion that, if the mass of male and female voters were respectively to take opposite views on any legislative question, a minority consisting of men would never dream of allowing the contention of the adverse majority to prevail. Their resistance might be plausibly denounced as arbitrary and unconstitutional; but there are natural conditions which underlie all political arrangements. It is to be hoped that the House of Commons will find some means of correcting its late error of careless indifference.

#### A VERY QUEER GAME.

A NEW game, with a dash of cricket and somewhat of the nature of *écarté* or *piquet*, has been played at the Stepney Election Petition trial. Voters were "played" like cards, or sent in like batsmen by each party, and sometimes a voter scored a point, and occasionally he fell to a stronger card in the same suit, or perhaps to a break-back. The suits, or sides, were chiefly Polish Jews, German Jews, Hanoverian and Austrian Jews; the voters were almost all children of Israel; but the strongest suits were those we have indicated. Mr. ISAACSON, the petitioner, first played a dead voter, which was very properly "no-balled" by the umpire (the terminology of the game is a little mixed), and then Mr. DURANT sent down a very curly one, a Russian-Polish Jew, speaking English fluently, but with *such* an accent. This polyglot alien fell a victim to the petitioner's strength in British trumps; and, in rapid succession, two Polish Jews, and a Hebrew of Amsterdam, who had a vague idea that his parents were possibly Dutch, returned without scoring. Then came a Russian-Polish Jew, and a Courland Jew, and a Russian-Polish Israelite of Polish parents. The umpires were a good deal puzzled by a kind of Melchisedek of a voter who now came on the scene. He did not know where he was born, he did not know who his parents were; but, on the whole, he inclined to a theory that they were not unconnected with the Ireland of Continental Europe. Mr. Justice DENMAN snapped this voter neatly at the wicket; and a number of Polish Jews went down in rapid succession, till the telegraph showed 2,119 for ISAACSON and 2,118 for DURANT, the sitting member. The parties then changed goals (it is extraordinary how mixed and promiscuous is the pastime of Stepney), DURANT kicking off, and a bold Bavarian, who attempted to run in for ISAACSON, was promptly collared. Then a German, who had voted for DURANT, got "off side," in some mysterious way, and was ruled out, thanks to the misdirected zeal of his own side. This incident, the reporters say, was greeted with shouts of laughter from the gallery.

Then there came a puzzling Hanoverian, who might have been born when Hanover was British, but who had not seized that opportunity to qualify himself as a voting amateur. So CALVIN's case was cited, "as deciding that" a Scot, born after the union of the Crown in JAMES I., was "not an alien." Why, whoever thought he was? Even Professor BLACKIE, *Ultimus Scotorum*, is not an alien, for there seems little reason to doubt that the Professor was born after the accession of JAMES, First and Sixth, and that (if qualified by residence) he could play hopscotch for Middlesex in any county match at his national diversion. CALVIN was best at bowls, which he is said to have played on Sundays; but it seems almost pedantic to go back to CALVIN, or even JOHN KNOX, when so many living Scotchmen share the privilege of having been born after JAMES I.

However, we shall never say a word against the rigour of the game, and umpires, with CROSSLAND in their minds, will do well to mark the austere accuracy prevalent in Stepney. Another Hanoverian, an old Hanoverian hand, ran a bye (in the coursing, not the cricketing sense), or, as the reporters say, was told to "stand over." "The" petitioner's counsel now resumed the attack from the pavilion end, and soon sent the bails of a Polish Jew flying. It became evident that the match would be a very close affair. The right of one hundred and seventy interesting aliens to play was disputed, and the majority at the election had only been twenty-two, or eleven a side. One Hanoverian, born in 1842, declared that he was seventy-two, and he was "loosed," amidst much laughter. A Brandenburg Jew, from scruples of his own, wrote his name instead of making a cross, and he, in turn, was ruled "off side," though this indicates a religious disability to which Mr. BRADLAUGH and Mr. GLADSTONE should give their united attention. It was ruled that a man must not be rejected as an alien "because he had been in England as long as he remembered anything." When our parcel left a rot had set in, and Jewish Poles were making but a feeble resistance to the deliveries of Mr. CHARLES and Mr. GULLY.

#### AND THE HOME SECRETARY?

THE Committee appointed and presided over by Mr. CHILDERS has inquired into the matters in which he is interested and has made its report; and very well worth reading it is, firstly for what it says, and secondly for what it does not say. To take this last first—the four gentlemen selected to help Mr. CHILDERS did not inquire "as to the" objects of those who promoted the meeting or the character of those who attended it." Yet these two questions were entitled to consideration by the gentlemen selected to try and find out how far the authorities responsible for keeping the peace of London did their duty. Those objects and that character were part of the warning given; but the Committee leaves them to a tribunal of a more public character. Does this mean that some of the parties responsible are to be left "to a higher tribunal," which will probably not sit at Westminster or during the present Session of Parliament? It would be, for the moment, a convenient appeal for some. Again, the Committee did not inquire into "the relations between the Home Office and the police authorities, or their relative responsibility in connexion with the means to be taken for the preservation of order." As the Home Office is the ultimate authority for the police, we should like to know how the management of the force is to be properly inquired into without considering these relations. They were "no part of the reference" to us, says the Committee, including Mr. CHILDERS, and, considering who was chairman of this respectable body, it would have been highly surprising if they were. However, the Committee, limited in this way, greatly to the regret of Mr. CHILDERS we take it, has inquired and reported. It has found that there was a deal of bungling on the part of the police authorities on the afternoon of Monday the 8th of February. So much was visible and even tangible to members of Clubs, tradesmen, and ladies in carriages on that great day. There is no fault to find with the deductions of the Committee from what evidence it had before it. Neither is there anything to be said against the results it has produced as yet. The resignation of Sir E. HENDERSON was inevitable under the circumstances. To be sure, the word suggests further inquiries into matters forming no part of the reference to the Committee. We should like to know what were all the circumstances preceding the



resignation of Sir E. HENDERSON, but for the present it is enough to recognize the necessity for his retirement. The occasion is to be regretted. The very natural anger caused by the failure of the police on the 8th would be no excuse for the injustice of denying that Sir E. HENDERSON has discharged the duties of his post hitherto with tact and all the vigour required by the circumstances he had to deal with. He has lived into another time, when statesmen of a certain school have prepared quite other work for the London police, and he has failed to deal with the new task adequately. The good service of the past is no justification for actual failure; but it ought not to be, and will not be, forgotten. Unfortunately, the retirement of the Chief Commissioner of Police was one necessary preliminary to the reorganization needed to prepare the force for the work it will have to do in future. A second retirement suggests itself to the most superficial reader of the report.

Sir E. HENDERSON was not the only official responsible for the inadequate measures of precaution taken on that day of muddle and failure. There was not one of the arrangements he made for which the HOME SECRETARY was not jointly answerable. Neither one nor the other had the slightest excuse for pleading that he was taken by surprise. The police, and through the police the Home Office, had been warned as far back as the 2nd. Between that date and Monday steps were taken to prepare for dealing with a serious difficulty. The character of some of the persons who intended to come to Trafalgar Square and their intentions were perfectly well known. Before Monday the Home Office had changed hands, but Mr. CHILDERS naturally took over the notes of his predecessor and was duly informed of what was expected. On that day he was not in Scotland, as overhasty partisans have asserted, but in London, and in conference with the Chief Commissioner of Police. Sir E. HENDERSON duly informed him of the proposed disposition of the force, and confided to him those entirely erroneous views as to the habits and customs of mobs. Mr. CHILDERS, who had authority to cause the first to be altered, and could have seen that the latter were not acted on, did not do so, and it must therefore be supposed that he acquiesced in both. It follows that he was jointly responsible for them. It has been said, first by his friends, and then by Mr. CHILDERS himself, that he was not informed of what was going on, and it is therefore concluded that there was here another grave dereliction of duty on the part of the police. But how stands the evidence? Some wicked wag on the Committee took upon himself to inquire what was the usual conduct of a Home Secretary when a mass meeting was going on and a riot was possible. It was found that in two cases the holder of the office had taken measures to have himself informed, from which it would appear that the police expected special orders to send messages. Did Mr. CHILDERS imitate the prudent conduct of Sir R. CROSS? If so, the fact is nowhere mentioned in the report. Here, again, it appears that the responsibility for the omission of a very proper precaution rests equally on the HOME SECRETARY and the late Chief Commissioner of Police. Lord WOLSELEY could have informed Mr. CHILDERS that when the lieutenant-general tells the general what he means to do, and is allowed to do it, the superior is held as much to blame for any consequent defeat as the subordinate. What he would not be allowed to do would be to court-martial his inferior, sit on the court-martial himself, limit the reference, and then make the verdict an excuse for drawing his own stake. This, however, is precisely the sort of manoeuvre dear to the smaller fry of old Parliamentary hands, and it is obviously being practised on the present occasion. Really it is more clever than enough. It belongs distinctly to the class of things which are too clever by half. It has answered Mr. CHILDERS's turn as yet, and he means to continue using it, as he told the House of Commons on Thursday night. The statement was instantly and adequately criticized. "I mean to make my inquiry into the organization of the police force by means of a departmental Committee, over which I shall myself preside." ("Oh!" and a laugh.) Chorus of "Ha, ha, ha!" from honourable members and the general public.

#### LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AT BELFAST.

CERTAIN wisacres have for some days past made themselves very unhappy because Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is "a firebrand." The complaint might perhaps be dismissed with some such apparently flippant but really

cogent retort as the late Mr. CARLYLE's, "And what if it were pot-theism?" But it may be wiser to go about more gravely with the wisacres, from those who simply protest to those who, like Mr. SEXTON, challenge Parliamentary inquiry, or who, like the correspondent of a provincial newspaper, demand that "the hon. lord" shall be promptly prosecuted. When it is desirable that a fire should be lighted, a firebrand is a most excellent and useful thing. In metaphorical equity all popular speakers on political topics are firebrands. Mr. GLADSTONE is perhaps the most burning and shining firebrand that has ever been seen, and his whole latter history is a record of conflagrations. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would be a firebrand if he could, but somehow or other his attempts in the Promethean way have not recently been successful; the spark has too often gone out in the process of being conveyed. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is an eminent firebrand, and so are others. But as the fires which all these persons have kindled or tried to kindle are, for the most part, purely destructive, they do not seem to have troubled the wisacres at all. When it is sought to kindle a fire for protective purposes, to light a blaze that may keep off wild beasts from the camp, the firebrand is discovered to be a most improper implement.

We shall not be suspected of much affection for the anti-Catholic propaganda of Orangeism. But if Lord RANDOLPH appealed to such motives (and, on the whole, he kept sectarianism well out of his speech), the Roman Catholics of Ireland have nothing but themselves to thank for it. The eavesdroppers of the recent Carlton meeting may or may not have been right in reporting or supposing that an English Roman Catholic peer attacked Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL on this score, even before the Belfast journey. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that he did so, the speaker must, not for the first time, have let his religious sympathies considerably outrun his practical discretion. It is undoubtedly true that the great majority of the English Roman Catholics are among the QUEEN's most loyal subjects. It cannot reasonably be doubted that most of the Roman Catholic upper classes in Ireland and a large part of the Roman Catholic middle class deserve the same description. But it is perfectly childish and unworthy of any reasonable man to attempt to deny that the great majority of the lower classes and all but a very small minority of the hierarchy are profoundly disloyal. The Holy See, after doing its best to keep its unruly sheep in order, has apparently given the task up in despair; and, as may be seen in the Roman correspondence of the *Times* on Thursday, the POPE's friends only ask helplessly What he is to do? As long as the official organization of the Roman Catholic Church has such heads as Drs. CROKE and WALSH it is perfectly absurd to contend that that organization is not "the enemy." In what was Dr. WALSH *dignissimus* at the time of his selection? Not in character, not in scholarship, not in ability, not in sanctity, but simply in hostility to the QUEEN's Government in Ireland. The various requirements of St. PAUL have been singularly simplified in Ireland of late, and "a bishop" must be a Nationalist and an apologist of agrarian crime" sums up the list of qualifications. It is perfectly true, and this makes the conduct of the Roman hierarchy more disgraceful, that the present anti-English movement in Ireland is almost entirely dissociated from even the faintest pretence of religious grievances. Its greatest advocates are Protestants or Freethinkers; its objects are limited to the abolition of the Union and of the Sixth and Eighth Commandments; the "foreign tyranny" which it strives to overthrow is not even alleged to be in any way a spiritual tyranny. This, we say, makes the participation in it of the Roman Catholic hierarchy all the more disgraceful; but it does not make it any the less a fact. Because Dr. WALSH and his like are prostituting their Church to irreligious agitators, it is not less the case that that Church, its organization, its influence, and what it possesses of reputation lie at the disposal of the conspirators against the Union. No English Roman Catholic who has knowledge and brains can deny this, though no doubt most English Roman Catholics answering to that description deplore it. It has pleased those who are responsible for the action of the branch of the Roman Church in Ireland to engage that Church officially on the wrong side, and they must take the consequences.

It is not necessary to approve every word of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's speech on Monday night. He has always been an impetuous and not always a very accurate

speaker. But the main gist of his speech, the gist which has frightened some fools and scandalized some hypocrites, appears to us to have been very sound and very salutary. The great doctrine that moral force means physical force in the background has been too much abandoned of late to the dangerous and destructive classes. They know how to "ring the chapel bell" well enough, and they do it and they are attended to; but the party of order hesitates more and more at replying in the same way. We water down treason into treason-felony, and treason-felony into seditious utterance; we do not care to call out the military when the streets are in the possession of rioters; and we have so topsyturvised the whole theory of politics that during the last few days some persons, presumably sane and serious, have actually exclaimed against the doctrine that in the last resort revolutionary attempts must be resisted by force. That and the other doctrine that, in order to resist revolution by force, precedent union and watchfulness are necessary, were the cardinal doctrines of Lord RANDOLPH's Belfast address, and we repeat that they seem to us very sound doctrines. That they should seem horrible to those who object to the phrase "fundamental law" is quite explicable, and it is precisely in the fact that they do seem horrible that the justification of their utterance consists. It is quite time to recall the fact that chance majorities of a single House of Parliament, elected for long periods and on accidental issues, have neither by the English Constitution nor in common sense any right to turn that Constitution topsy-turvy. The only right which can be claimed for such a proceeding is the right of *force majeure*, and one kind of *force majeure* is as good as another. No doubt the mooted of such questions is in a sense dangerous; but they have not been mooted first in this instance by the party of order. And it is exactly because there is no guarantee for order in the long run except the determination of its partisans to fight for it if needful, that it may be desirable, eminently desirable, at times to state the facts. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, moreover, had a very special justification for his actual argument. It is undoubtedly true that one of the great causes of Mr. PARNELL's recent triumphs has been the inertness and the disunion of the Irish loyalists. The want of concerted and vigorous action on the part of the Irish landlords in 1881 was the despair of those who tried to fight their battle for them in England, though some at least of these were too chivalrous to complain much of it at the time. If they had put their heads together and their shoulders to the wheel, if they had scourged England with lecturers to show the real state of the case, and had adopted the other well-tried means of lawful and respectable agitation in self-defence, something might have been done. But the inaction and the want of concert which are the curse of Irishmen except when they are up to mischief made their cause hopeless. Look again at the late election, at the relative statistics of voters and votes, at the support that was given to the well-meant but tardy attempt to provide Loyalist candidates. It is certainly not rash to conclude that of the enormous abstentions in every province but Ulster not five per cent. were Parnellite abstentions. The Party of Surgeons' Knives keeps its men in too good order for that. It follows, therefore, that the Loyalists were too much afraid or too indifferent even to record a secret vote for their own protection from Parnellite dragonnades. Fortunately Mr. GLADSTONE's recent action appears to have somewhat stirred even these sluggards, while in Ulster little but exhortation and the promise of a helping hand was wanted. The second great moral of Lord RANDOLPH's speech is, that if Ireland is to be saved from itself, the party of salvation in Ireland must be prepared to do some of the work. And if that is not a healthy moral we do not know what is.

#### LAST WORDS ON BURMAH.

**B**OTH Houses of Parliament have said what, it is to be hoped, will be their last word on Burmah for some considerable time. The Ministry has been authorized to charge the expenses of the expedition to the Indian revenue, and now there is a fair chance that, the bags of cant and sentiment necessary to be emptied whenever the interests of the Empire have been attended to anywhere having been duly emptied, the soldiers and administrators on the spot will be left in exclusive possession of the Burmese question. The House of Commons, though it said nothing on the subject, must have been agreeably surprised by the figure of the

charge it had to sanction. 300,000*l.* is probably the smallest sum such a piece of work was ever done for, and it contrasts remarkably with the credit demanded for other and quite recent military operations. The discussion in either House was on the familiar lines. In the Lords it was short and to the point. In the Commons it was straggling and wordy. Lord KIMBERLEY's speech was of the kind called temperate and statesmanlike. He indulged in no personalities and talked no nonsense, unless the pious horror he affected to assume at the notion that war could be undertaken for the sake of trade is to be so described. His Lordship preferred to think that Burmah had been annexed in the interest of India, and with the object of extending and maintaining the prosperity of the Empire. A rose by any other name—but the quotation is somewhat musty. Lord SALISBURY's speech was particularly valuable because it contained a refutation of much of the nonsense talked about the annexation in the House of Commons. It is a favourite formula with the friends of all humanity which is not English that the intaking of Upper Burmah will "excite an uneasy feeling in the breasts of the Indian "princes," a class of persons whose susceptibilities are entitled to every consideration, and who are supposed to spend their lives in the study of the proclamation of 1858. Lord SALISBURY disposed of this bogey by pointing out that this proclamation referred only to the vassal princes of India and had no more to do with the King of Ava than with the Emperor of Russia or the Ameer of Samarcand. The promise then given has been kept, and more than kept, as SCINDIAH knows and HOLKAR. It has no more been broken by the proceedings against THEEBAW than it would have been by an occupation of Tristan d'Acunha.

The House of Commons ended by authorizing the charge on the Indian revenue, and is to be sincerely pitied for being compelled to arrive at its destination by such a round-about road. When a body of gentlemen still, for the most part, endowed with a fair share of common sense are compelled to listen for a large part of an evening to Dr. HUNTER, Mr. H. RICHARD, Mr. McIVER, and Dr. CLARK—to the whole lyre, in short, except Sir R. TEMPLE, absent for the first time—they are entitled to much praise for staying to vote at all. Custom has already sated the pleasure of hearing Dr. HUNTER declare that there is absolutely no difference between taking your hat off as an act of common politeness in Europe and taking your shoes off as an act of submission to a barbarian in Burmah. It can only have been with a dreary reminiscence of the amusement it once felt at having the manifestly ludicrous advanced with gravity that the House can have listened to Mr. H. RICHARD cheerfully acquiescing in THEEBAW's savageries. Mr. McIVER is new to the House, but his style of argument and oratory are not. When Dr. CLARK got up and gave the Commons Messrs. HUNTER, RICHARDS, and McIVER all over again, only a sense of politeness, for which the world was too hastily inclined to refuse the new House credit, can have saved him from being summarily shouted down. We have no belief that facts or reasoning will ever have any effect on this little knot of fanatics; but, if there is any reasonable person who doubts the wisdom of the occupation of Upper Burmah, let him read Mr. MACLEAN's speech. Of course, if the existence on our border of an anarchical State governed by an incapable savage with a blind hostility to this country as his one rule in politics, and the presence in his dominions of agents from a rival European Power, do not justify annexation, then Mr. MACLEAN wasted his words. A majority of the House was happily found to agree with him. The entry of Mr. GLADSTONE into the debate raised its whole tone—we believe this is the correct phrase—raised it into that higher atmosphere of casuistry in which the PREMIER is so much at his ease. With a recollection, possibly, of things said in this very Session when in a position of more freedom and less responsibility (this quotation is musty likewise, but convenient), he returned to the question of previous consent. When the Burmese question first appeared in Parliament a few weeks ago, Mr. GLADSTONE committed himself to doctrines on this subject which were entirely at variance with his practice. He showed on Monday night how the two can be reconciled. According to the PREMIER's present interpretation of the Government of India Act, the previous consent of Parliament must be secured before the Indian troops can be used. On this point there is no doubt. It is clear, formal, undeniable. Only, as a rigid adherence to the rule by statesmen so stupid as to think that previous means previous, and consent means consent, might lead to inconvenience, Mr. GLADSTONE



explains what obtaining the previous consent of Parliament means in practice. It means that it is perfectly competent to any Ministry to begin operations which the House cannot stop, and contract liabilities for which the House must vote the necessary supplies. All it has got to do is to be careful to call its application to Parliament by the right name, and then public law and private conscience are fully satisfied. You see the trick is as easy—as easy as lying—and good Liberals may vote in peace. Luckily they have voted, and the Burmese war will be paid for in the rational way, and has been approved of by the ultimate authority, and now things may be left to common sense on the spot. The Liberal conscience goes by queer roads, but it occasionally goes to the right goal.

#### THE HYNDMAN "BOOM."

THE emotions aroused in the contemplative but honest mind by the succession of events consequent upon the rioting three weeks ago are singularly mixed in character. It is a pity that HYNDMAN and his friends should get so good an advertisement, though a boundless power of advertising himself for every individual, however mean his estate, is one of the necessary drawbacks to that advanced state of civilization which is probably advantageous and certainly inevitable. On the other hand, it is consoling to reflect that the reason why a single failure on the part of the police to prevent disturbance is by general consent unpardonable is that the occurrence is so very exceptional. It is not pleasant to witness the ecstasies of delight into which any misfortune to anybody connected with the police naturally throws those particular children of the gutter whose relations with that body are indissolubly connected with painful recollections of the skilful of affliction. But it is pleasing to observe that these occasional champions of order are even more frantic in their denunciation of their natural enemies for doing their duty on the 21st of February than for neglecting it on the 8th. Every one must regret that a public servant of long standing should have succumbed to an unexpected trial; but there is some ground for hope that the efficiency of the metropolitan police may be ultimately increased by the experience and the example.

It is unnecessary to enter into detail with respect to the sins of omission disclosed by Mr. CHILDERS's report. They are obvious to the most casual reader, and have been recognized by Sir EDMUND HENDERSON himself in the most handsome manner. It suffices here to mention as a single example the fact that twenty-three constables were doing nothing in a yard in Arlington Street when the inspector in charge of them saw the mob pass up St. James's Street, across the lower end of Arlington Street, having broken the windows of half the clubs on the west side of St. James's Street, and being about to break those of the remaining half. If he had at once marched his men up Arlington Street into Piccadilly, a determined charge would probably have saved the windows of the Bath Hotel, and prevented all the damage done beyond this point—that is to say, it would have saved all the shops that were wrecked or broken into with the exception of the first half-dozen. The mob was eventually dispersed in Oxford Street by a considerably smaller body of men. But the inspector had been ordered to take up his station in Arlington Street in order to see that no harm came of an expected visitation to Lord SALISBURY's house, where some thought that the unemployed would testify to their affection for that nobleman, and some that they would dissemble their love. Therefore the twenty-three policemen stayed where they were as heroically as if they had been so many CASABIANCAS, and the honour of finally suppressing the riot was reserved for Inspector CUTHBERT at the Regent Circus. This fact alone amply shows that the view taken of their duties by subordinate police-officers is not that which a judicious authority would seek to inculcate, nor that which the Metropolitan Police Act was intended to promote.

The persons through whose humble instrumentality these important topics were made ripe for discussion continue to progress slowly towards their trial for an offence of which, whether they committed it or not, it will do very little good to convict them. It really does not much matter whether HYNDMAN said or did not say something calculated to excite dislike of the QUEEN's Government in Trafalgar Square on the 8th of February. For many weeks he has been vehemently urging the readers of his journal to destroy with the utmost speed, and with violence as soon as they safely can, not only the QUEEN's Government, but everything for

the purpose of guarding or procuring which the QUEEN's Government exists. If he were prosecuted for that, or merely for inciting the quarrymen of Llanberis to murder Mr. ASSHETON SMITH and Mr. VIVIAN, a useful purpose—namely, the suppression of the paper—might be secured. But in the present instance the seditiousness of his expressions, if they were seditious, is not the important point. The important point is that a number of persons in unchecked riot broke the windows of many private houses and shops, and stole out of the shops much valuable property. The question about HYNDMAN, BURNS, and the rest which the Government ought to be, but are not, raising for decision by a jury is whether HYNDMAN or BURNS, or all or any and which of the party, caused that mob to break those windows. If they did, they are guilty of the offence of riotous injury to buildings, and they ought to be prosecuted accordingly. If they did not, somebody did, and upon that person the police ought to be able to lay hands. In a city like London such an offence ought to be visited with extreme severity. It is exceedingly dangerous and particularly easy, and those are the two elements which, on the fashionable but insufficient theory that criminal punishments are merely preventive, are the two constituent elements of punishable guilt. But to strike timidly on a comparatively unimportant charge is a proceeding eminently characteristic of the methods of those whose courage and good sense have been sapped by service under Mr. GLADSTONE. The newspaper already referred to edited by HYNDMAN is already—somewhat prematurely—making future profit out of the prosecution for a "political offence," and observes, in anticipation of the time when it may be possible to make applications on the subject to Mr. CHILDERS, that it is a "monstrous thing" that "men who are imprisoned for political offences should be treated as if they were felons." This is a commonplace of political discussion with which we have not the smallest sympathy; but it finds favour with many thoughtless persons, and it is therefore especially to be regretted that men who are reasonably suspected of what they would call felony—though it is really a misdemeanour, punishable with penal servitude—should be tried not for that offence, but for something else. Punishment for seditious words, when they are proved to have been spoken, is a very good thing; but the endeavour to inflict it has the double drawback that the conviction is often difficult to obtain and that the aforesaid superstition on the subject has unfortunately taken possession of many minds. From these disadvantages a prosecution for a vulgar street offence, committed by the hands of the thieves and idlers whom any anti-vaccinator, atheist, or social puritan can collect from the gutter for the purpose of a "demonstration" on any subject, is entirely free.

#### RAILWAY RATES.

MR. MUNDELLA had good reason for deprecating the hostility which, in his opinion, ought not to be entertained by traders against the Railway Companies. As he considerably remarked, shareholders have spent seven or eight hundred millions on their works, to the great advantage of the community; and he added with equal truth that, although the aggregate capital is large, much of it is divided into small holdings, providing to many persons of small incomes their whole means of subsistence. The shareholders have participated in the distress occasioned by the stagnation of trade, the dividends which are now in course of payment being largely reduced in comparison with the receipts of two years ago. The debenture-holders, whose position might be supposed less precarious, have advanced their money at a low rate of interest on the security of Acts of Parliament which authorize the proprietors to borrow on the faith of the rates allowed in their respective schedules. If it had been expected that Parliament would, in the supposed interests of its constituents, reverse the bargain to the detriment of the owners, many of the existing railways would never have been constructed, and the remainder must have raised money on harder terms, in the hope of recouping themselves by high charges. There is nothing in public or private Railway Acts about the small profits and quick returns which Mr. MUNDELLA recommends to the Companies as the mode of rule on which they should conduct their business. The reference to quick returns may be passed over as a figure of speech. The retail dealers by or for whom the phrase was invented would be much dissatisfied with the

average return on railway capital amounting to about four per cent. Only five or six local lines divide more than ten per cent. An extensive mileage is worked for the benefit of the debenture-holders, and sometimes of the preference shareholders, without producing any return to the original subscribers.

Mr. MUNDELLA seems not to have doubted the competence of Parliament to readjust railway charges, though he commended the shareholders to the mercy of the Committee and of the freighters. His appeal will not soften the resolution of such assailants as Mr. BARCLAY. The chief promoter of the Scottish Farmers' Alliance, which proposes to transfer the property of landlords to the occupiers, subject to a rent which is to be fixed by an external authority, is perfectly consistent when he takes part in the agitation for the general reduction of railway charges. The Companies, indeed, are at a great disadvantage in comparison even with the unhappy owners of land. Though they no longer control the counties, the landlords are still represented in the House of Commons, and they predominate in the House of Lords. The Companies have to face a special coalition of both parties without the power of returning a single member. It is true that a few Chairmen and several Directors have seats, but they are compelled to consult the wishes of their Parliamentary electors and not the interests of their railway constituents. There is no difference of opinion as to the justice and expediency of keeping a vigilant watch on the operations of bodies which conduct almost all the traffic of the country. The first general Act, of which the main object was to ensure to all freighters and others equality of treatment, was passed more than thirty years ago. The Railway Commission, which was afterwards established, is charged with the duty of adjudicating on disputes among the Companies themselves or between the Companies and freighters or passengers. It is generally admitted that such a tribunal is required; but its present composition is unsatisfactory. A single judge, who ought to be a member of the High Court of Judicature, would be more competent to discharge the duty than a Court in which two laymen may outvote one professional lawyer.

The provisions of the Bill which is to be introduced by the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE have not yet been announced; but it may be inferred from Mr. MUNDELLA's answer to the recent deputation that some concession will be made to the traders who have demanded remedial legislation. Two alleged grievances appear to have caused the greater part of the discontent which undoubtedly prevails. The long-standing dispute as to the right of the Companies to levy terminals is at present awaiting decision in the House of Lords. The right has been affirmed by the Court of Appeal; and, in default of fresh legislation, the final judgment, whatever it may be, will be conclusive. Last year the Companies, acting, as it was supposed, in concert with the Board of Trade, proposed to settle the question by Bills which they introduced into Parliament. Terminals are, as the name implies, charges made for services before the commencement of the journey or after its completion. The Companies hold that their rates are only intended to cover the conveyance of goods from station to station, and that they are also entitled to reasonable payment for packing and loading or unloading, and similar operations. If the test case which is now pending is decided in their favour, there is some reason for the contention of the freighters that indefinite amounts, which will not be regulated by the tariffs, may be charged. On the other hand, an adverse decision would probably, in default of new legislation, be met by an increase of the rates on traffic, which are generally lower than the maximum amount. The Railway Bills which were last year withdrawn, under pressure from the Board of Trade, would have effected a settlement of the controversy on terms which, if necessary, might have been modified by Parliament. It may be hoped that too wide a discretion may not be left to the Railway Commission, and that the principle on which it is to fix any payment to the Companies will be defined by law.

A still stronger feeling of irritation has been produced by the differential rates which are in some cases respectively levied on home and foreign goods. The farmers more especially complain of the disadvantage at which they compete with American or Indian produce; but other traders are not less dissatisfied with the existing practice. It may be admitted that the distinction is apparently invidious, though it is not necessary to believe the paradoxical statements which have imposed on some of the malcontents.

Lord HENNIKER stated that corn had been shipped from Liverpool to an American port, to be sent back to the same port of departure for the purpose of profiting by the rate on sea-borne grain from Liverpool to London. Another complainant had previously professed to have sent sheep from the coast of Essex to Rotterdam, to be thence conveyed by sea to London. The Great Eastern Company had no difficulty in showing that the story was fabulous; and Lord HENNIKER admitted, in answer to a question asked by Mr. MUNDELLA, that his Liverpool anecdote rested entirely on hearsay. It is nevertheless certain that rates on domestic goods are in many cases higher than those on imported articles, so that an apparent protection is given to foreign trade. The practice is so apparently anomalous that it is natural to inquire why the Companies make the distinction, and also to account for the unwillingness of the Railway Commission to redress an apparent inequality. Demands for a legislative remedy were, according to Mr. BARCLAY's scarcely exaggerated statement, universally preferred during the late election. It was not thought necessary to inquire into the motives or calculations of the Companies.

One of the reasons for charging a lower rate on imported goods is that cargoes brought by sea for the most part furnish full train-loads. It has always been held that the Companies have a right in fixing the rates to consider the amount of the traffic. A stronger reason consists in competition with the sea. A cargo arriving at Liverpool may either continue the voyage to London or be sent more safely and more expeditiously by railway to its destination. The owner of the goods can afford to pay a limited addition to the maritime freight, but not to conform to the local or inland tariff. If the railway rate is too high, the Company will lose a small profit and the trader will have a less convenient mode of conveyance. The cargo arriving by sea in the Thames will, as far as the cost of transit affects the price, equally undersell domestic produce, whether it comes by sea or by railway. The English trader would consequently derive no advantage from the prohibition of a differential rate. He would compel his foreign competitor to undergo a certain amount of inconvenience, but not to incur greater expense. It is probably for this reason that it has been found impossible to obtain redress from the Railway Commission. Sir THOMAS FARRER, who represents the Board of Trade in its relation to railways, indicated by his questions and remarks during the interview with the deputation his imperfect confidence in various statements which were not confirmed by his own experience. No public functionary is less likely to be influenced by undue preference of the interests of Railway Companies, for the leaning of the Board of Trade is naturally in favour of the commercial and industrial community against private corporations. Sir THOMAS FARRER probably perceived that the complaints attributed to unaccountable caprice arrangements which admit of intelligible explanation, even if they should prove not to be fully justified.

#### DOGS AND THE LAW.

NO animals, except perhaps horses, require more protection against the cruelty of mankind than dogs. To treat dogs cruelly is as common as it is stupid, and the police very seldom get an opportunity to interfere. When they have a chance of making an example, they ought to be supported by the magistrates. Such, however, does not appear to be the opinion of Mr. BIRON, police magistrate at Lambeth and Queen's Counsel. Mr. BIRON had before him on Monday a very bad case indeed. GUSTAVE GRASE, an artist, was charged with beating a poodle in Royal Street. If people must beat dogs with rulers, they might at least have the decency to do it at home. M. GRASE (we hope we may assume that he is a foreigner) insists on performing his happily illegal tricks in public, and he has perhaps now obtained rather more publicity than he desired. Having brought out two poodles and one ruler on Sunday night into the roadway, M. GRASE applied the ruler, which was a heavy one, to the legs of a poodle. The poodle fell, and was then beaten as it lay. The excessive cruelty of beating a dog on the legs needs no demonstration. Nothing but the necessities of self-defence could excuse it in any circumstances. "The animal's cries," said the constable, "could be heard for some distance." For a time it could scarcely stand, and the constable, whose evidence was corroborated by several witnesses, said that he had never known an instance of greater barbarity. M. GRASE, on



being "spoken to," replied that he should do as he liked with his own dogs, which may perhaps be recognized as a valid plea in France. Everybody knows how Lord ESKINE answered it on Hampstead Heath. Mr. BIRON only inflicted a fine of one pound for an offence which, even if the dog be left out of account, was a scandal to the neighbourhood. Mr. BIRON arrived at this decision after examining the dog, and satisfying himself that it had not been "permanently injured." We suppose Mr. BIRON meant that its legs had not been broken, and no doubt it was able to come into court. If a man regards his dog solely as a piece of moveable property, like the stick with which he beats it, he will, of course, take care not permanently to injure it. The consideration thus mentioned by the magistrate would be quite in point if the crime charged had been malicious damage to the house or goods of another person. But it is not the law of England that every man may wallop his own dog so long as he does not "permanently injure" it. The defendant has, of course, been punished, if not by the small fine, then by the wholesome exposure. Mr. BIRON's remarks are to be regretted, because they will suggest to men of M. GRASE's disposition that even the remote chance of detection does not imply any very serious consequences.

It is to be feared that few living administrators of the law know the ways of dogs so well, or watch them so closely, as the late Mr. Justice PARK. Sir ALAN PARK once interrupted an important trial by exclaiming testily, "I can stand this no longer. Take that dog out of court." A constable who caught the judge's eye seized upon the first dog he saw, and proceeded, as he thought, to carry out the judicial order. "No, no," said his Lordship, "not that dog. I have had my eye upon that dog throughout the day, and I will say that a better behaved little dog never entered a court of justice." It is unfortunately impossible that this discriminating insight should be brought to bear upon the question of muzzling. Evidence to character cannot be received in bar of the salutary regulation that dogs of every degree must be muzzled in the streets of London. The very form of the muzzle is prescribed, just as Queen ELIZABETH declared that the dogs, meaning her loyal subjects, should wear no muzzles, meaning no orders of chivalry, but her own. However, the humanity of the wire muzzle, or rather its enlightened caninity, is beyond dispute. The animal can breathe, drink, and enjoy life generally as well with it as without it. No right-minded dog would object to wear one for the sake of protecting human beings, who are not all like M. GRASE, against the horrors of hydrophobia. Sir EDMUND HENDERSON, the late Chief Commissioner of Police, issued two orders on the subject, and has thus led to some confusion. There can be no doubt that Sir EDMUND intended by the second order to confirm, and not to abrogate, the first. But even magistrates have been misled, as, for instance, Mr. PAGET at Wandsworth. Mr. PAGET refused to convict a man who was taking about an unmuzzled dog with him on the ground that the second order only applied to stray dogs, which strikes us as rather an absurd interpretation. In the case before Mr. PAGET the policeman who seized the dog was in plain clothes, as he ought not to have been, and therefore the owner not unnaturally resisted him. It is, however, certain and most proper that every dog in London not led by a string must still be muzzled.

#### PUNCH AND CONTEMPT OF COURT.

IT appears to be part of the gospel according to HYNDMAN that no one except a Social Democrat may use strong language. The well-known horror of "physical-force men" for physical force is equalled or excelled by the sensitiveness of the professionally lawless to the niceties and technicalities of the law. If there is one thing, again, which the spouters of stale fallacies, accompanied by ferocious threats, dislike more than another, it is ridicule. They perhaps feel that the practice of talking nonsense, like poverty in HORACE, brings with it no greater hardship than that of making men absurd. We should be reluctant to compare Mr. HYNDMAN with a bishop, if SYDNEY SMITH had not likened the bishop to "certain cephalic animalculæ." Bishop MONK objected to being laughed at, especially by a Canon of St. Paul's. "Ah!" said his tormentor, in effect, "I know the complaint. Finger and thumb, if you like, or a brush, if you like; but, for God's sake, no small-tooth combs." Now, *Punch* has been guilty of applying small-tooth combs to the latest representatives of the three tailors

of Tooley Street. It has, as all the world knows, depicted them hanging by the rope which they consider should only be employed for the extermination of brutal capitalists and other enemies of the three tailors aforesaid. This, according to Mr. HYNDMAN, is "contempt of Court." Mr. HYNDMAN is not distinguished for clearness of head, and he may perhaps confound contempt of Court with contempt of himself. They are not, however, quite the same thing. It is possible that the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division, who were actually asked by counsel to send the printer and publisher of *Punch* to prison for not treating Mr. HYNDMAN, Mr. BURNS, and Mr. CHAMPION with sufficient respect, may have felt like the Judge in that very clever book, *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain*, when he was asked to commit the Prophet. "The Judge 'lowed as he warn't a 'statute, and he was glad that ' certain miscreants ' should 'hear the truth for once.' As for contempt of Court, Mr. PUNCH, as every schoolboy knows, is an old offender. The moving drama which has such extraordinary vitality and so remote an origin exhibits the career of a gentleman who shows for every representative of legal authority disregard for which contemptuous is far too mild a term. We need not dwell upon the long and melancholy list of Mr. PUNCH's crimes. The constable suffers severely at his sacrilegious hands. The majesty of the ermine does not escape inviolate. The hangman is (we blush to write it) hanged, and, as DENNIS points out in *Barnaby Rudge*, it is much worse for a hangman to be hanged than for anybody else. The deplorable levity with which Sir JOHN FALSTAFF treated the Chief Justice is surpassed by Mr. PUNCH. But it seems that Mr. HYNDMAN is a sacred person, and that jokes made about him are no laughing matter. When it is proposed by some drunken idiot, who has nothing better to do than to listen to Mr. HYNDMAN, that the Duke of WESTMINSTER should be shot, Mr. HYNDMAN observes that mere murder would do little good without an "organization." When *Punch*, with grim facetiousness, suggests that Mr. HYNDMAN might as well be hanged, Mr. HYNDMAN's honest indignation cannot contain itself. He flies at once for protection to the Courts which cowards have erected, just as he would doubtless, if no other convenient shelter offered itself, take refuge in churches built to please the priest. Liberty's a glorious feast, when it only means liberty to abuse and threaten other people. When it comes to being denounced and hanged himself, the Social Democrat has no words at command too violent for that accursed figment of middle-class tyranny—the freedom of the press.

The doctrine of contempt of Court, as laid down, if not by Mr. Justice HYNDMAN, at least by Mr. HYNDMAN of *Justice*, is worth the inspection of the connoisseur. It is really artistic, and will repay a little examination. Mr. HYNDMAN stands charged with certain offences committed by means of what the law rather ironically calls "advised speaking." He continues to speak, as on Sunday last in Hyde Park, to a similar effect, and will probably go on doing so unless or until he be taken out of the way by being put under lock and key. Mr. HYNDMAN is thus at liberty to repeat his offence, if it be an offence, as much and as often as he pleases. But if anybody says that Mr. HYNDMAN is a social pest, and ought to be treated as such, he is guilty of "contempt of Court." "Contempt of what Court?" said Lord COLERIDGE, and paused in vain for a reply. It is unlikely that such an absurd application as Mr. THOMPSON's has been made to any tribunal, since JAMES BOSWELL, after a lively night on circuit, was invited to explain in court the next morning *quare adhesit pavimento*. It is not the business of the High Court of Justice to exercise its special protection over Mr. HYNDMAN, who is at present being carefully attended to by Sir JAMES INGHAM at Bow Street. Sir JAMES INGHAM, on the other hand, has no power to commit for contempt, so that Mr. HYNDMAN may actually be criticized, and even censured, without the censor or critic being liable to summary punishment. Thus is the country trampled under foot by the iron heel of the capitalist, whose slave and tool, by the way, a journal more advanced than *Justice* says that Mr. HYNDMAN is. Mr. HYNDMAN, as perhaps even his very learned counsel is aware, has not been prosecuted for a capital offence, and so *Punch's* cartoon is not such deadly earnest as it is evidently supposed to be in Social Democratic "circles." The naval officer who wrote to the *Morning Post* to suggest that the defendants should be flogged is equally wide of the mark, unless he meant to advocate a change in the law. The extremely high value which, in certain circumstances, the firm of BURNS,

HYNDMAN, and CHAMPION set upon wholeness of skin will not fail to attract the student of human nature, and to recall to the student of Mr. LOUIS STEVENSON the dynamiter's horror at the idea of being blown up with his own dynamite. Poor Mr. HYNDMAN! poor Mr. CHAMPION! poor Mr. BURNS! They were prepared for blood, and all that sort of thing. But to be laughed at is more than flesh can bear. There are chords in the human heart which ought not to be vibrated. We live in licentious times. Already some wicked wag has suggested that *Occupet extremum scabies* may be so translated as to seem almost personal. We beg to shed the tear of sensibility for the roughness and rudeness with which the shrinking delicacy of the Social Democrats has been so wickedly and wantonly assailed. If this sort of thing is not checked, by giving every Court in England power to imprison every one guilty of "contempt" for Mr. HYNDMAN and his kind, householders will be heard to speak disrespectfully of burglars, and the owners of watches to blaspheme against pickpockets.

#### VALOUR UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE army which can go everywhere and do anything was commanded last year to go to a very remote place and do very unusual things. The heart of the desert is not exactly accessible, and to fight a valiant foe with rifles which would not shoot, with machine-guns which invariably jammed, and with bayonets like those of tin soldiers was no common exploit. There is no drill for this kind of adventure, though a new drill is highly necessary. The boating part might be done at Oxford, where, no doubt, Mr. DARBISHIRE would lend his invaluable services. "Eyes in the boat" would take the place of the old "Eyes right." "Three, don't watch your oar," "Bow, where are you screwing to?" "Don't bucket forward, six," and so forth, would be valuable additions to the manual of drill, if we are to make many more expeditions in whaleboats.

There are still more important features in the new drill-book which should occupy the literary leisure of Lord WOLSELEY. "Straighthen bayonets," for example, with practical instructions as to how to do so, is an invaluable and indispensable addition, while "Uncurl sabres" will take the same place in cavalry drill. "Unjam Gardner guns," and "Unjam rifles if possible" are no less needful for the blue-jackets and infantry.

Our men, with their usual readiness of resource and courage, have already and uninstructed performed these new and most necessary evolutions under a heavy Arab fire and beneath the charge of great hosts of spearmen. Evidence to this is borne by the record of the services of the brave men, privates and non-commissioned officers, whom the QUEEN decorated this week at Windsor. Seldom, assuredly, have soldiers deserved their honours better. Few things are less encouraging to the modern civilized soldier than the charge of weighty masses of brave savages determined to come to hand-to-hand fighting, and infinitely better armed for such strife than infantry with bayonets, even if the bayonets were not patent collapsible specimens. The shield, where it is used, gives the Arab or Zulu the advantage enjoyed by the Highlander who fought the Frenchman at Margate:—

Brisk Mounseer advanced as fast as he could,  
But all his fine pushes were caught in the wood.

The bayonet-point is "caught in the wood," or leather, of the shield, and the shovel-shaped Soudan spear does not double up, and does "mak' sikker." Of course the barbarous enemy should never be allowed to get within the guard of the European, to pass the zone of fire. Within the guard he came, however, and then it was that the soldiers showed of what mettle they were made. Corporal HOLT, of the First Life Guards, "was most energetic in assisting the men when their rifles jammed." The rifle of Corporal ROWLEY, Fourth Dragoon Guards, was jammed like the rest; but, by some oversight, his revolver had not been constructed on jamming principles. He used this exceptional weapon with such coolness and precision that he saved the life of Major GOULD and of several of his comrades whose weapons had jammed in the most orthodox way, and who were "on the point of being speared by the enemy." Troop Sergeant-major PATERSON, 2nd Dragoons, was also of great service to men who would have been infinitely safer with spears in their hands than with that abominable cartridge which cost so many brave lives in the sacred name of cheseparing. And so the

record runs on. Many of the soldiers were decorated for other acts of great valour—for seizing opportunities such as war always yields to coolness, readiness, and devotion. It is consolatory to read of these *κλῆα ἀνδρῶν*—"deeds of men"—the more remarkable by their contrast to the civil slackness of a half-hearted age. But the feats which naturally claim most attention are those for which there never should have been any need. The story of these brave men's acts makes even clearer than before the extent of shameful danger caused, apparently, by official jobbery or official idiocy. Had the Arabs been Europeans not a man of our expedition should have returned, except as a ransomed captive. But soldiers like Private GEORGE AUSTIN, of the 5th Lancers, who received seven spear wounds as he fought over the body of a fallen comrade; and Troop Sergeant-major HENRY GIBBS, 4th Dragoons, who commanded his own detachment at Abu Klea when his officers were killed, and who slew several Arabs with his own bayonet, are too strong for barbarous foes, however numerous and brave. When we next meet Europeans—say the Greek levies—it will go hard with us unless the bayonets and cartridges are a little improved.

#### THE IRISH FINANCIAL "GRIEVANCE."

A MUSEMENT is so rarely to be got out of the affairs of the "distressful country" nowadays that one quite welcomes Sir JOSEPH M'KENNA's periodical protest against the "inequality of Imperial taxation in Ireland." The debate to which it gave rise on this occasion derived an additional element of comedy from the fact that Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL had given notice of a proposal to amend the motion by omitting the word "Ireland," with a view to the substitution of the word "Scotland." The idea of a national grievance going about "in blank," so to speak, and waiting to have the name of the aggrieved country filled in, had moved the laughter of the House when Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL gave his notice; but the member for South Monaghan proved equal to the tactical emergency, and immediately "pooled issues," as the Americans say, with his Scotch competitor, declaring that, if Sir GEORGE made out his case for Scotland against the rest of Great Britain, "that would only strengthen the Irish case." Having effected this junction of forces, Sir JOSEPH M'KENNA proceeded to recite that melancholy tale of fiscal oppression with which by this time we are all of us so familiar. If the statement differed in any way from those to which we have been accustomed, it was merely in the very laudable, if rather inartistic, candour with which the advocate "let out" the explanation of his clients' hardship at a comparatively early stage of his speech. Having observed that the gross taxation of Ireland, as compared with that of Great Britain, had risen during the last forty-five years from the proportion of 1 to 12 to that of 1 to 10, while nevertheless her proportion of Income-tax was only as 1 to 23, Sir JOSEPH M'KENNA argued that this disparity must be due to the fact that under other heads Ireland was excessively taxed. How it should prove the "excessive" taxation of Ireland under other heads, or anything more than her compensatory taxation under those heads, a mere Saxon finds a difficulty in perceiving. But we need not insist on the point, because Sir JOSEPH went on to forgive the "excess," and even to explain it with a frankness which went far to cut his grievance from under his feet. "He was willing to admit," he magnanimously said, "that this disparity (between 'Income-tax and taxation under other heads') was not the 'result of any malignant or unfair intention' on the part 'of British statesmen in the past. To a great extent it was due to the fact that the national beverage of England was beer, while that of Ireland was whisky.' We humbly assent to the opinion that there is no evidence of British malignity or unfairness in this fact, and so generous an acquittal accorded to our 'statesmen in the past' of all responsibility for it does undoubtedly testify to what Mr. GLADSTONE described as the 'excellent spirit' in which Tuesday's debate was conducted. At the same time, the admission does certainly 'let in' Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL with his 'long suit.' As the member for Kirkcaldy pointed out, 'the alcohol consumed by the people of Scotland' pays five times as much per gallon in the way of duties as the beer drunk by the English. Nor would he admit Sir JOSEPH M'KENNA's claim on behalf of his countrymen to make common cause with the Scotch. On the contrary, he most ungratefully



rejected the proffered alliance, observing that the Income-tax was much less harshly collected in Ireland than in Great Britain; that no land-tax, no assessed taxes, no police or education rates are paid by the Irish people; that Ireland also received a large amount by way of local grants, and altogether was "a specially favoured country in the matter of taxation."

Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, however, is a Scotchman, and a Scotchman, too, with more than the usual share of the national asceticism—which has been so much misinterpreted—in the matter of jokes. Moreover, he has no Irish gallery to play to, like most of the English members who followed him, and who entered with suspicious readiness into the spirit of the comedy. Mr. GOSCHEN said gravely that "if there were a case on behalf of Ireland—the member for Edinburgh is not enough of a financier, of course, to have satisfied himself on the point already—"every one must be "most anxious to examine that case to the very bottom, and "those hon. members who were in favour of maintaining "the legislative Union between England and Ireland would "feel all the more bound to see that, in maintaining that "Union, they were not doing any actual injustice to a country "which was in a minority as far as the House of Commons "was concerned." Mr. GOSCHEN then went on to a learned discussion of the various elements of which the taxpaying ability of a country is composed, and concluded by expressing a hope that at some future period the question might be renewed, and that they might endeavour by such means as were in their power "to probe it to the very bottom, to see "whether the grievance existed, and if it really existed, "to set to work to remedy it in a spirit of justice and "equity to all parts of the United Kingdom." No wonder Mr. DILLON, the next Irish member who spoke on the question, was touched by Mr. GOSCHEN's complaisance, "great financier as he undoubtedly was," and complimented him on the "best-natured speech with regard to Ireland "which he had ever delivered." It admitted, or affected to admit, the existence of more doubt as to whether the Irish financial "grievance" might not be a real one than even the elaborate lecture of Mr. GLADSTONE himself, who, however, is not, to be sure, one of "those hon. members "who are in favour of maintaining the legislative Union "between England and Ireland," and need not, therefore, consider himself bound to detect an Irish "wrong" where no Englishman without that political purpose to gain can possibly descry it. It was quite refreshing to find that Mr. HENRY FOWLER's business instincts were too strong to be overborne by any considerations of Ministerial convenience, and that he put the plain truth of the matter in the bluntest possible way. Ireland, with one-seventh of the population, contributes, nominally, one-twelfth, but really less than one-twentieth, to the Imperial revenue. Out of a total taxation of 73,000,000*l.*, Ireland contributes about 6,500,000*l.* But out of that 6,500,000*l.* no less than 4,000,000*l.* comes back to her in the form of actual Civil Service expenditure on the administration of the country. The sum of 1,500,000*l.* goes for the support of the Constabulary—a service which, though an interruption from Mr. PARNELL appeared to imply the contrary—Ireland would have to maintain and pay for even under a Home Rule Government. Education accounts for another 1,000,000*l.* a year expended in Ireland, while law and justice and other items bring up the expense of what may be called the local government of the country to 4,000,000*l.* This reduces Ireland's contribution to the sum of two millions and a half sterling; and, taking the Imperial charges on the revenue at sixty-one or sixty-two millions, the share of Ireland thereto will be seen to be well under one-twentieth.

It is impossible to suppose that in the face of figures like these there can be any serious doubt in the minds of ordinary English men of business, to say nothing of English statesmen, that the Irish financial grievance is the merest "flam." If we took the population test alone, the fact would be that, so far from contributing more than her legitimate quota to Imperial expenditure, Ireland contributes less—and not only less, but vastly less—less by very nearly a half, if we calculate her contribution without setting off what comes back to her, and little more than a third of her share if that set-off is to be taken into account. We do not, of course, insist upon taking the population test alone; and we are willing to admit that the proportion of poor to rich in Ireland is larger than it is in England. It is not, indeed, to be measured, as most Irishmen seem disposed to do, by classing all the Irish Income-tax payers as rich and

all the Irish whisky-drinkers as poor. This rests, we venture to think, on a cross-division. If no poor men in Ireland pay Income-tax, we may be quite sure that a considerable number of rich men drink whisky. But admitting, as we have said, that the proportion of poor to rich is sensibly greater in Ireland than in England, is there anybody in the latter country, at any rate, who believes that the difference is anything like sufficient to justify the disparity between what would be Ireland's contribution according to population and what is her contribution in fact? Is there anybody who believes that the amount of poverty in Ireland is so much greater than the poverty of England that a share which, according to numbers, should be one-seventh of the Imperial total may be reduced to one-twentieth, and yet leave her too heavily taxed? We undertake to say that there is no one in England, and we very violently doubt whether there are more than a few feather-heads even in Ireland, who really entertain any such belief. It is rather a sorry sight, therefore, to see eminent financiers like Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GOSCHEN playing at making-believe that there is a doubt whether Ireland is fairly treated in the matter of taxation, when they must both know perfectly well that no such doubt exists. It strikes us, too, as an unnecessary debasement of political methods which are sufficiently debased already. If the science of government as applied to Ireland is really reduced to the level of those arts which the Legislature laboriously endeavours to expel from our electoral system; if statesmanship has resolved itself into the timely administration of tips, and our Irish policy has become a simple policy of *pour-boire*, we might at least spare ourself the needless humiliation of transparent hypocrisy. In attempting to bribe Ireland into order and obedience we might at least have the honesty to recognize our bribes as what they are, and not waste words and lower self-respect by vainly endeavouring to pass off the offer of a largesse as the promise of an act of justice.

#### PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

THE HOME SECRETARY made two announcements in the House of Commons last Thursday night which will be respectively received by the public with very different feelings. In reply to Mr. W. H. SMITH, he stated his intention of immediately introducing a Bill providing for the compensation out of the Metropolitan Police Fund of those persons who have suffered loss through the riots of the 8th of February. This is, of course, a rather unusual step for a Government to take, and in some respects, no doubt, it is scarcely a satisfactory mode of dealing with the matter. At the same time, it will be perceived by those who will devote a little reflection to the point that, in the peculiar position in which the metropolis is, and as we hold very properly, placed in respect of police administration, there is no mode of compensating the sufferers by the late riot which would not be open to exception. Even if the law on the subject were in a clear condition, and threw a liability for the damages, or some of them, on the modern substitute, whatever it may be, for "the hundred," it would only be remedying one wrong by another. Whatever may be the legal incidents of a claim of this kind against a locality, its equity must clearly rest upon the assumption that the inhabitants of such locality possess either personally or representatively the control of their own police—an assumption which, as regards the West End ratepayer, does not of course accord with the facts. Beyond contributing to defray one-half of their cost, he has no more to do with their management and dispositions for the public protection than if he dwelt a hundred miles away. If, therefore, it is complained—and a hint of such complaint has already been given—that the innocent taxpayer of the provinces is to be mulcted to pay for a blunder committed purely in the metropolis, it is obvious to reply that the only alternative would be to fine the equally innocent metropolitan ratepayer for the misfeasance of authorities over whom he has no sort of control. To defray the damages done in a particular locality out of an Imperial fund is *prima facie* no worse than fixing a local fund with the expenses of a piece of Imperial blundering; and when that particular locality is one from which—for good and sufficient political reasons, in which the whole country is concerned—the control of its own police has been withheld, the advantage of justice is all in favour of the former course.

We do not at any rate apprehend that any serious criti-

cism will be provoked by this proposal of Mr. CHILDERS—a point which decidedly distinguishes it, we think, from his subsequent announcement that he proposes to make his inquiry into the organization of the police force by means of a departmental Committee, “over which,” he added with dignity, “I shall myself preside.” No one, we feel sure, would more imposingly fill the chair; but really—We have had one Committee under Mr. CHILDERS’s presidency, and our restless love of novelty impels us to suggest a variation of the programme. The HOME SECRETARY, no doubt, may be right in assuming that the most proper inquisitor into the condition of the police is the Home Department; his error lies in the assumption that the condition of the police is the only proper subject of inquiry. The public wish for information, not only as to the state of the force which the Home Department in the last resort controls, but as to the mode in which that control has been and is being exercised. Now this latter is obviously not a departmental question in the sense of being one to be inquired into by the department itself. It concerns that department in the way in which a medical examination concerns (not the doctor, but) the patient; and, inasmuch as it seems inextricably interwoven with the inquiry into the condition of the police, we see not how Mr. CHILDERS can properly conduct it himself. Moreover, it is right to remind him that only so much of the recent scandal has been inquired into as relates to the behaviour of the police in relation thereto, and that the labours of Mr. CHILDERS’s late Committee closed—with the exhaustion of their reference—at the very moment when Mr. CHILDERS’s own responsibility for the conduct of the business begins to arise. The Committee have fully reported on the conduct of the police authorities and police on Monday, February 8. Now we should like to ascertain the conduct of all parties, from Policeman X up to the Right Hon. H. C. E. CHILDERS himself. The HOME SECRETARY, it is fair to remember, gave the House of Commons the other day a brief sketch of his own proceedings on the Tuesday and Wednesday; but, with every confidence in the right hon. gentleman’s candour, we cannot but think that these proceedings, like those of Sir EDMUND HENDERSON and his staff, should be placed before the House, not only in an *ex parte* statement from the person chiefly concerned, but in the Report of an independent Committee.

The Parliamentary question-list on Thursday numbered over seventy questions; and the reformers of procedure will of course make use of it to assist them in “getting way” on to the late Government’s proposal to have the answers to all but a few selected questions printed and circulated with the votes. Questions addressed to the Prime Minister would, no doubt, usually come within the excepted cases, and indeed it is very desirable that they should, since no one’s answers so often invite a further question on the spot as do those of Mr. GLADSTONE. His reply to Mr. BADEN-POWELL the other night was undoubtedly an instance of the kind. Asked whether he adhered to the implied admission in one of his recent speeches that “the authority of the Crown was in a definite degree in abeyance in Ireland,” the PRIME MINISTER replied that “he considered, and still considers, that the efficiency of the authority of the Crown in any part of HER MAJESTY’S dominions must be measured by the degree of fulness with which the judicial and administrative departments of the Government attain the end for which they are appointed in the protection of liberty, property, and life.” The definition of effective Royal authority could not have been stated with a more perfect scientific accuracy; but its very merits make the conclusion of Mr. GLADSTONE’S answer even more unsatisfactory than it would otherwise have been. He admits, that is to say, that the judicial and executive departments of Government noticeably fail at this moment to attain one or other of these ends in the protection of liberty, property, and life in Ireland; and from this the head of the Government infers that the “question of social order” in that country requires close attention. It was for inferring only that the question of social order in London “required close attention” after a mob had been looting its shops for a couple of hours—it was for drawing this inadequate inference as to the future, instead of taking prompt action to deal with the disorder going forward at the moment, that Colonel HENDERSON and his official staff have been just condemned by Mr. CHILDERS’s Committee. What would that Committee have said in their Report if it further appeared before them in evidence that the reason why the police per-

mitted the sacking of London streets was, not because they were unable to prevent it, but because they judged it more convenient to compound with the enemies of order than to restrain them, and were busily engaged in debating how much Mr. SIKES and his friends would take to go home and remain quiet? Yet this is the precise position in which Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues stand at this moment towards the assailants of liberty, property, and life in Ireland.

We live in times in which it seems to have become a recognized maxim of Government that, if any one objects to the law, and will make himself troublesome enough to society, society will at once consider the expediency of bribing him to obedience. Every piece of legislation seems to be somehow or other stamped with this principle, and its imprint was certainly not absent from the measure which Mr. TREVELYAN introduced at a later hour of the evening. We are not now about to discuss the Crofters’ Bill in detail, or to make any further reference to it than is included in the admission that, if legislative bribery is to be the order of the day, a Scotch crofter has certainly a better claim on the beneficence of the Legislature than an Irish tenant-farmer. But it is idle to pretend that, if his claims to fixity of tenure, fair rent, and all the rest of it, were ten times more deserving of the recognition of Parliament than they are, he would be obtaining that recognition for them at this particular time if he had not already done a little defiance of authority and resistance to legal process, after the manner of the Irishman, on his own account.

#### THE PEELITES.

LORD CARDWELL was the last of the Peelites. Mr. Gladstone is himself alone. He cannot properly be designated by a word derived from any political predecessor. His place in history, however that may be prejudged by his contemporaries, is primary and personal. There are Peels in the present Parliament, but they are Peleides, not Peelites. The present Sir Robert Peel, having been successively a Palmerstonian Whig and a Derbyite Conservative, is now, so far as it is possible to classify so mobile and variable a politician, a Tory Democrat of the order of Lord Randolph Churchill. Mr. Arthur Peel, like Brabantio in Iago’s repartee, can most suitably be defined by his office. He is Speaker, and in that capacity has occasionally to act the part of a fraternal Brutus towards his irrepressible elder brother. The first function of the Peelites, after their severance in 1846 from the bulk of the Conservative party, was the physical one of preserving for their chief, by a judicious disposal of their persons on the front Opposition bench, his traditional place in the House of Commons. The state of things towards the close of 1846 and in the years immediately following was unprecedented in our Parliamentary history. On the accession of Lord John Russell to office the recognized leaders of the Conservative party were not the heads of the late Ministry. The front Opposition bench is held by usage to belong to members of the defeated Government. Occasionally Privy Councillors attached to the same party have stationed themselves on it. The present Sir Robert Peel claimed and took a place there in the last Parliament. Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli, on crossing the floor of the House nearly forty years ago, did not ascend the heights fronting those which they had occupied on the right hand of the Speaker. Though they had neither of them held office, nor belonged to the Privy Council, they placed themselves on the front Opposition bench. Cobbet had done the same out of sheer personal audacity and effrontery. The circumstances justified in the case of Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli a departure from the conventional rule. It would have been absurd that the recognized chiefs of the great body of the Opposition should have led their party from the back benches. The state of things had, however, its inconveniences, and recalls, with a difference, the practice which existed a century and a half ago. Then what is now the Treasury Bench was the Privy Councillors’ Bench. Walpole and Pulteney sat side by side, and denounced each other in public, and exchanged badinage in private, from adjacent places. But a change was inevitable. It must be much easier to thunder against an opponent when you have the opportunity of looking into his eyes, and shaking your fist, symbolically and at a safe distance, in his face, than when he is at your right hand or your left. Mr. Disraeli once congratulated himself, after an animated physical and rhetorical exercise by Mr. Gladstone, on the solid piece of furniture which separated him from his rival, and acted as a sort of out-work or defensive fortification. The confidential whisperings and consultations between party leaders and party agents, to which the exigencies of debate and the fluctuating chances of division give occasion, could scarcely be carried on with a political opponent on either hand. What the precise date was at which parties and party leaders began to range themselves on opposite sides of the House has not, so far as we know, been stated. The practice of Walpole and Pulteney’s time had ceased in the time of Pitt and Fox—of the younger Pitt and the younger Fox—for a



celebrated picture of the House of Commons places them, according to the modern practice, face to face.

The presence of Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Disraeli on the same front bench must, one would think, have been almost as embarrassing as the proximity of Walpole and Pulteney. Mr. Disraeli's position as a leader of the Opposition, who was not even a Privy Councillor, had its social as well as Parliamentary difficulties. In that very engaging volume, *Lord Beaconsfield's Correspondence with his Sister*, lately published by Mr. Murray, an amusing instance is given of one of these embarrassments. In a letter, dated "Ceylon Committee Room, May 13, 1850," Mr. Disraeli, who seems to have been able to distract his thoughts from "the hubbub of this never-ending Committee," writes:—"The Academy dinner was very agreeable, though they took me out of the wits, among whom I sat last year, and which were represented by Rogers, Hallam, Milman, Thackeray, Lockhart, and placed me among the statesmen. I sat within two of Peel, and between Gladstone and Sidney Herbert. A leader of Opposition who has no rank is so rare, if not unprecedented an animal, that the R.A.'s were puzzled how to place me; and, though they seem to have made somewhat of a blunder, it went off very well, Gladstone being particularly agreeable." He might not have been as agreeable on the same Parliamentary bench. This volume, by-the-bye, which exhibits Lord Beaconsfield's personal character in a very agreeable light, contains some curious illustrations of his relations with Sir Robert Peel before the great breach between them. If, as we pointed out last week, but for personal considerations, Mr. Gladstone might possibly have joined the Ministry of Lord Derby, Mr. Disraeli as conceivably, but for a personal misunderstanding, might now have to be included in the list of Peelites. Perhaps, however, this is to consider things too curiously. Whatever may be the truth in physics, things tend in morals and politics to their own place. Most likely, against different hindrances and by other channels, both Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone would, sooner or later, have assumed the position which history will record, and the will of Jove would have been accomplished. Their characters would have determined their career as it has been determined.

The *myopia politica*, which may be considered as much a disease proper to statesmen as the parson's sore throat is to clergymen, is curiously apparent in a letter of Mr. Disraeli's published in the volume to which we have already referred. "It is settled," he says, "that there is to be no coalition between the Peelites and the Whigs, and therefore I conclude that after a decent interval the old Conservative party will be reconstructed under Stanley, and of course without Peel." Lord Beaconsfield was more long-sighted in estimating the future developments of politics than perhaps any other of his contemporaries; but the necessity of dealing with the party exigencies of the moment narrowed his range of vision. The letter from which we have just quoted was written in May 1849. In 1852 the coalition of Peelites and Whigs, long before seen to be inevitable, was effected under Lord Aberdeen, and, if Sir Robert Peel had survived, it is probable to the verge of certainty that it would have taken place under his presidency. Party combinations do not always follow party names, which are very simple and convenient, but are apt to mislead those who employ them. A political party is usually a very complex and multiple thing, containing within it various and conflicting elements, which are sometimes absorbed and disappear, but which at other times work themselves free, and, after a period of severance and isolation, effect new combinations.

The political doctrine and tendency of which the Peelites were the representatives is found now in association with Liberalism, now with Conservatives. It may be traced back to the economic doctrines of which Lord Shelburne was the first conspicuous representative among English statesmen. It is customary, from the accidents of their personal connexion, and of their common protest against the practice of government by political connexion and great families, to speak of the Chatham and Shelburne Whigs as if they formed a homogeneous party in opposition to the orthodox Whig tradition of Rockingham and Portland. But between Chatham and Shelburne the alliance was little more than accidental; and the younger Pitt, before the Coalition of Fox and North, and until the outburst of the French Revolution, was far more of a Shelburne than of a Chatham Whig. Circumstances made him involuntarily, and in opposition to his tastes and capacities, what his more illustrious father was by propensity and capacity, a War Minister and a Foreign Minister. An intelligent disciple of Adam Smith, he was by nature and training essentially a Minister of Finance, of Commerce, and of the Interior. He carried with him into the newly-constituted Tory party, of which he became the chief, the economic doctrines which he embodied in the unsuccessful Irish propositions and to which he gave partial effect in the French treaty of 1786, and in the general rearrangement of our Customs system. His relaxation of restrictions on commerce was as bitterly denounced as his immaculate chastity by the Whig wits of "The Rolliad," and was attacked by Fox and the orthodox Whigs of the House of Commons. His policy of economic reform was continued by Mr. Wallace, Mr. Robinson, and, still more conspicuously, by Mr. Huskisson, in the successive Tory administrations of the first thirty years of the present century. Sir Robert Peel, as he began to work himself clear of the opinions which, as he afterwards said, he had accepted with too little reflection, entered into the traditions and developed the economic policy of Pitt and Huskisson. It was the recognition in him of this character and

tendency as well as his middle-class origin which led Mr. Cobden to give to him during his later years the confidence which he refused to the aristocratic Whig leaders, and inspired the curious letter which Mr. John Morley has printed in his *Life of Cobden*. The economic principles professed by the more enlightened elements of the Conservative party during and since Mr. Pitt's time, were the characteristic doctrines of the Peelites. When the Conservatives became the party of Protection, and the Liberals that of Free-trade, the severance of the Peelites from the Conservatives and their coalition with the Liberals were practically decided. The economic theories, which Pitt derived from the Shelburne Whigs, were developed by Huskisson and Peel, and, after a severance of three-quarters of a century, effected, in the person of Mr. Gladstone and the other followers of Peel, a re-union with the Whigs in the coalition of 1852. On the other hand, the maxims of foreign policy proclaimed by Chatham were developed within the Tory party by Canning, accepted from him by Palmerston, and, after being transferred by Palmerston to the Whigs, have again become Tory in Lord Salisbury. The most distinguished Conservative statesmen of the first half of the century were the champions of economic and commercial reform at home, and between 1834 and 1846 of peace abroad. During this period, Liberal statesmanship was Imperialistic, and what has been nicknamed Jingo. Lord Beaconsfield once said that Liberal sentiment was cosmopolitan, Conservative sentiment national. This was true enough of the time of which he was speaking. But it is not historically true. The Conservatism of Peel and Aberdeen was cosmopolitan, the Liberalism of Russell and Palmerston was national. Both political connexions have played their parts in the promotion of the changes now commonly recognized as reforms; and they have occasionally shifted their parts. Only Mr. Bright believes that Conservatism always, and necessarily, means resistance and obstruction, and Liberalism improvement and progress.

#### TAKEN AT WORD.

THE new Scotch Conservative newspaper, the *Scottish News*, appears, if the *St. James's Gazette* may be trusted, to have hit upon an idea which is by no means a bad one. A certain "G. S." has communicated to it a letter which he has written to Mr. Gladstone in response to the invitation conveyed in the celebrated epistle to Lord de Vesci. We have not the least idea who "G. S." is, though he has a pair of highly-respectable initials. He may be a Gladstone-Scorner (a far better thing than the "Hicks-corner" of the old interlude); or he may be, and evidently is, a Good Shot and, especially as he writes to the *Scottish News*, a Great Scot; or he may be Georgius Sanctus come back to help a rather undeserving, but sorely needing, people; or he may be the Ghost of Socrates, who had a knack of putting awkward questions. But, whoever he is, he appears to have a very fair notion of the pleasing process known as taking a man at his word. "G. S." (being evidently, blest soul! a man of leisure) has laboriously extracted from the newspapers of the last five years a pretty voluminous and authoritative record of the wants and wishes of the Irish people. He is safe beforehand from the obvious objection that Mr. Gladstone must know these already and cannot want them; for it is Mr. Gladstone's whole case that he doesn't know them and does want them; that he is a very foolish, fond, old man who has suddenly been confronted with a horrid and unheard-of thing called an Irish difficulty, and who would be much obliged to any kind gentleman who will tell him something about it. So "G. S." tells him.

It is very pleasant to cast a wandering eye over "G. S.'s" florilegium. Of course to others besides Mr. Gladstone, to people who, instead of coming to the Irish question on or before the 1st of April, 1886, with unprejudiced minds and a complete absence of knowledge, approach it after a weary familiarity of years, there is little absolute novelty in the statements here gathered together; but still they are instructive. *Ab Jove principium*: the list begins with Mr. Parnell. There is the famous "coat-off" sentence and the assurance that "none of us will be satisfied until we have destroyed the last link that keeps England bound to Ireland," and the declaration that Ireland is to be "as free as when the waters of the Flood left it" (by the way, were Irishmen generated out of the slime, according to the old theory of the birth of monsters?), and the deductions, the quite unanswerable deductions, which Mr. Parnell drew from Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian description of the reasons which had made him disestablish the Irish Church. From Mr. Parnell we turn to the minor stars who vary between aspirations after an Irish Parliament (to the horror of Mr. Heneage), aspirations after the establishment of Ireland as an independent nation (to the horror of the entire Ministry except, perhaps, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley), and aspirations after the blood of landlords, partly as an end in itself, and partly as a means to the other desirable ends. Mr. Healy, of course, figures prominently among the wanters and wishers. Mr. Healy's wants and wishes (forwarded to Mr. Gladstone per favour of "G. S.") are that "not a single penny of rent be paid for a sod of land in the whole of Ireland"; that "expression should be given on every occasion, and in every way, to the undying spirit of hostility which animates us all to British domination," and that "the most glorious chief Ireland ever possessed [by the way, on a recent occasion Mr. Healy seemed to

have changed his mind as to this glorious chief; but that is a detail which should take his place at the head of a Parliament sitting in the old House at home." There are the three wants and wishes (an Irish Parliament, complete abolition of British domination, and No Rent) formulated for Mr. Gladstone with a precision which leaves nothing to desire. Mr. Sexton, of course, is duller; it is the nature of Mr. Sexton to be dull. But he furnishes an excellent guide to his present chief (for, of course, Mr. Gladstone is the present chief of the Irish party) by the simple remark that "between Ireland and England the one prevailing and unchangeable passion is the passion of hate." "Unchangeable," you see; not to be changed by any pretty little, tiny kickshaw of concession to wants and wishes, wants and wishes. Mr. Biggar's agreeable reference to "the great results which followed the determined action of the handful of men at Manchester and Clerkenwell" is also an eloquent, if an indirect, expression of the wants and wishes of Ireland. The great results were in each case murder, maiming, and so forth; that is what Ireland wants and wishes as testified by her Biggar. The great Mr. Matthew Harris, with his remarks on landlords considered as partridges, is not forgotten; neither is the great Mr. Lalor's wish, a distinctly formulated wish this time, and therefore just what Mr. Gladstone wants, that the Irish people may be able "to take the method of getting rid of landlords which the French people took at the time of their revolution"—that is to say, to guillotine the said landlords. This is especially valuable, because it is so easily done. The Treasury can give an order for a few guillotines (many are not required with the system of *fournées*), Mr. Morley will issue the proper dispensing orders for little formalities of law, Mr. Matthew Harris or Mr. Lalor will no doubt be delighted to play Fouquier Tinville, and there you are. There is nothing like a real definite business-like suggestion of something to be done.

In a postscript "G. S." seems to have travelled a little out of the record, by quoting the opinions of Mr. Gladstone as to Mr. Parnell and the attribution by one of the present leaders of the Liberal party to the other of designs for "public plunder," "anarchical oppression," and "the disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire." Of course it is quite true that Mr. Gladstone did thus describe the designs of Mr. Parnell and his party; and of course it is equally true that Mr. Gladstone has now taken office professedly to carry out the designs of Mr. Parnell and his party. But "G. S." must have forgotten that, by Mr. Gladstone's own account, he knew nothing about Ireland when he made these statements. True, he was Prime Minister of Ireland as well as of England; true, he was engaged in carrying great schemes of legislation, which were only excusable at all on the plea that he was most intimately acquainted with the wants and wishes of the Irish people. But, in face of the De Vesci letter, *ignorantia facti* is a safe excuse for anything Mr. Gladstone has said or done about Ireland before this present year and month of grace. He will know better now, especially when he has read "G. S.'s" communication.

This ingenious *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. Gladstone's system of government by correspondence column was all the happier inasmuch as it came just upon the heels of the Roman Catholic prelates' letter in reply to Mr. Gladstone's own. For that document Mr. Gladstone expressed to "My Lord Archbishop" (it would be very interesting to know who made Dr. Walsh a "Lord" Archbishop in the dominions of the Queen of England) his "sincere thanks." It is not known whether he has extended the same courtesy to "G. S." And yet the Scotch letter is much more really valuable than the Irish, because its expressions of wants and wishes are so much more definite. My Lord Archbishop and his tail suggest Home Rule, but avoid most carefully saying what they mean by Home Rule. They advocate buying up the landlord interests, but hasten, like Mr. Jingle, to add "not presume to dictate" to one of "the foremost financiers and most enlightened statesmen of the age" on the details of that. And they are quite sure that, if Home Rule is granted, and if the landlords are bought out, the scoundrels who first orphaned and then insulted the Curtin girls, and the other scoundrels who murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish, and so forth, never will do so no more. These are large ifs, and even if they be granted my Lord Archbishop's security for the consequence is a little Bardolphian. How much nobler, more business-like, more intelligible, and more satisfactory are Mr. Healy's three points—not a penny of rent, completely free Parliament in Dublin, and liberty to give every expression to undying hatred of England in tariffs, penal legislation, alliance with enemies, &c. &c. &c. There is no nonsense about this, none of your ifs and ans, your soft sawder about distinguished statesmen, and your amiable confidence that, if the child is allowed everything it cries for, including the moon, it will be good, and not scratch, or kick, or do anything naughty. Why didn't the Pope make Mr. Healy my Lord Archbishop the other day? There is an excellent precedent in the case of St. Ambrose; and then Mr. Gladstone would have had a chance of getting something like an answer to the De Vesci letter. Besides, a series of pastorals by Archbishop Healy would have been a literary and historical gem.

However, as this was made impossible by the half-hearted conduct of the Holy See, the Correspondent of the *Scottish News* has done the next best thing, and must be admitted to have furnished Mr. Gladstone with a large number of uncommonly straight tips. We have described Mr. Gladstone's gratitude as problematical; but for that scrupulous fairness, always leaning to

the friendly side, with which we are wont to scan the character and conduct of the present Prime Minister, we should have to say that there is little real doubt as to the said gratitude being non-existent. The London correspondents say that the expected avalanche of miscellaneous replies has not descended—a fact, if it be a fact, which is a rather unexpected proof of the good sense of the public. Of course any one who has any sense at all knows that Mr. Gladstone has made up his mind to go not as far as Ireland wishes, but as far as England will let him, along a certain road, and that the De Vesci letter is a mere pretext for gaining time and giving the proceeding an air of anxious scrupulosity. If he had really desired to know the wants and wishes of what he professes to take for the Irish people, he could not possibly have a better study than the anthology laid before him in the *Scottish News*. And he certainly could derive from that anthology only one impression. As it is, the whole affair is, of course, a *blague*—a *blague* in the peculiar variety of the Macairean art which Mr. Gladstone has practised so long and so successfully, partly with the connivance and partly at the expense of the British public, that admirable example of the accomplice-dupe. But it was not a bad idea to meet it by the simple device of laying before him what the Irish people, according to their chosen leaders, do want and wish.

## FISHPONDS.

## II.

NOT only should fishponds not be made too deep, but, if possible (that is to say, if they are being made artificially), they should not be too large. Large fishponds have several drawbacks which should be borne in mind, and which are absent from smaller ones. The uncovering of large quantities of fish when a pond is being drained is highly undesirable, and is often attended with loss; also, if the surface of water is too large, unless it is unusually well sheltered, the wind is apt to raise waves, which wash over the banks, and otherwise disturb the fish. Pond-fish are generally placid creatures, to whom rough waters are no delight; and it will be found, as a rule, that fish in well-sheltered ponds do better than those in more exposed situations. The question of whether a stream should be allowed to flow direct through fishponds is one which has never been satisfactorily settled, some pisciculturists being in favour of a stream, on the grounds that it freshens the pond and brings additional food to the fish, others thinking that it only disturbs them, besides being open to grave objections at flood-times. Captain Salvin, a friend of the late Frank Buckland, gave him a most interesting account of a set of fishponds which had been made during the reign of Queen Anne, by Captain Salvin's great-grandfather. These three ponds are fed by a stream "which is not allowed to run through them, but is let in by sluices at pleasure. The stream is conveyed by an artificial watercourse outside, which is clearly a wise precaution against their filling up with sediment during floods, thus preventing an awful amount of trouble and expense hereafter." These ponds of Captain Salvin's are remarkable for having been almost if not the first to possess what is now termed a "collector," which he thus describes:—"The deepest part of the little pond (No. 1, the fattening or stew-pond) is at the sluice, where it is emptied into No. 2, near which is a strong, square, wooden box, say four feet deep by five square, and this is sunk flush with the bottom of the pond, having two posts let in on each side at the middle of each end of the box. To these posts are fixed the ordinary gear of a draw-well, the chain being, I think, divided to hook upon rings on the sides of an inner box, which has holes at the bottom. When the fish are required the sluice is opened and the fish of course retire into the deepest water, which is the inner box. The box is then wound up, fish and all; this is easily done, since the water runs out through the holes in the bottom." This plan of collectors is found to be almost a necessity in fishponds; but to our mind it is best to make the outer collector of masonry or concrete, instead of wood like the inner box, in which the fish are wound up. In the Limousin, where the carp-breeding, which is most extensive, is carried on in very large natural lakes or ponds, without any collectors, one of the chief outlays of money is for the numbers of men required to catch the fish in the mud, an expense which is minimized by the presence of a collector. Besides their usefulness at the draining-time, the collectors are much liked by the fish as "hides." All ponds require some deep holes into which the fish like to retire for either meditation or warmth, and collectors serve this purpose admirably. In the edition of 1760 of *The Complete Angler* there is a curious quotation from Bowler, who was a great authority on fishponds, in which he recommends:—"When you intend to stock a pool with carp or tench, make a close ethering hedge across the head of the pool about a yard distance of the dam, and about three foot above the water, which is the best refuge for them I know of, and the only method to preserve pool-fish; because, if any one attempts to rob the pool, muddies the water, or disturbs it with nets, most of the fish, if not all, immediately fly between the hedge and the dam, to preserve themselves; and in all pools where there are such shelters, and shades the fish delight to swim backwards and forwards, through and round the same, rubbing and sporting themselves therewith. This hedge ought to be made chiefly of orls, and not too close, the boughs long, and straggling towards the dam, by



which means you may feed and fatten them as you please." This hedge, in fact, served as a sort of collector for the fish, and in the absence of any better kind must have been very useful. Another thing which will be found a great advantage in the adult pond is a fattening tank, which can be conveniently placed in one corner. In it should be kept a small number of fish ready for the table or for sale; being in the fattening tank, they are caught with no trouble, and no disturbance is caused to the other fish in the pond itself. As Mr. Buckland said truly, "It must be remembered that the more you feed your fish in ponds the quicker they will grow, and the larger they will become," and no pond of fish will really be turned to the most advantage unless artificial feeding is resorted to. One curious receipt used by the monks of old for fattening carp in ponds runs as follows:—"Barley meal, half a gallon; chalk, in powder, 1½ lbs. (very clean); clay, a sufficient quantity to make a stiff paste. Place this in the stew or pond, in a net (of not too small meshes) suspended about a foot from the bottom. When all is sucked away but the clay, put fresh in the net or nets." How the fish are to abstract the barley and chalk out of the paste and leave the clay is not explained. Dr. Lebault, according to Father Isaak, recommended "that you often feed your fish by throwing in to them chippings of bread, curds, grains, or the entrails of chickens, or of any fowl or beast that you kill to feed yourselves; for these afford fish a great relief." Also "that clods of grass thrown into any pond feed any carps in summer; and that garden-earth and parsley thrown into a pond recovers and refreshes the sick fish." Bowker advises "Bullock's brains and lob-worms chopped together, and thrown into the pool in large quantities about two hours before sunset, summer and winter. . . . Wheaten bread is the best food for them, though barley or oaten bread is very good." Herr Fruwirth, the Austrian pisciculturist, has adopted a most ingenious plan for the production of food for his fishponds. He has a number of small ponds or ditches with stagnant water and aquatic plants, which are used as nurseries to propagate the larvæ of insects, small crustaceans, and other low forms of animal life on which fish naturally feed. From time to time some of the water swarming with these creatures is admitted to adjoining ponds of pure water in which the fish live, who no doubt give the new arrivals a warm welcome. One of the greatest difficulties of coarse-fish breeding is the question of feeding the young fry. Mr. R. B. Marston explains this difficulty in a very simple manner. "The umbilical sac," he says, "on the contents of which the trout alevin exists for six weeks, lasts the alevin of the coarse fish but a day or two, and unless the young fish are fed they will die, hence the difficulty of rearing them in confinement. Dr. Kelson, of Oxford, last year made the valuable discovery that the animalculæ bred in water containing decayed vegetable matter (like that in which cut flowers have been kept some time) are eagerly devoured by the young fry. I think it is difficult to overrate the value of this discovery to the breeder of coarse fish." By this it would seem that Mr. Marston was not acquainted with Herr Fruwirth's system, which has the great merit of simplifying the question of fry-feeding by supplying their natural food in large quantities. In many ways the artificial cultivation of salmon and trout is far easier than that of coarse fish. Not only is the feeding of the fry of the Salmonidæ in its early stages of existence better provided for by Dame Nature, but the difference in the nature of the eggs almost precludes the possibility of their being treated in the same way. "The eggs of coarse fish," says Mr. Marston, "are adhesive, making their manipulation extremely difficult; so much so, that while ninety-five per cent. of salmon and trout eggs can be hatched out, those who have attempted to treat coarse-fish eggs in the same way have rarely succeeded in rearing even five per cent. The eggs of the coarse fish hatch out in a very short time, a week or ten days being the average time required"; and often considerably less, we may add in parenthesis. The almost impossible transportation of the adhesive strings of eggs has, therefore, been another of the great difficulties in coarse-fish breeding; but several intelligent people have successfully combated this difficulty, and invention has once more been brought forth by necessity. One very ingenious plan (we forget for the moment the name of the author) is to make a square box like a collector, and to line it throughout with fir-branches. Into this box the fish are introduced when about to spawn, and the eggs adhere to the fir-branches. After spawning the fish are removed, and the box can be carried away to any stream or pond where stocking is required. In all fishponds a few breeding-hurdles are very necessary. They consist simply of hurdles intertwined with branches of fir or other trees, and sunk in the water in a quiet spot. The fish cast their spawn on the hurdles, which can then be lifted out and transferred elsewhere. Mr. Buckland recommended that these hurdles "should be placed on the top of the water, and fixed there by posts"; but to our mind the sunken hurdle is a better plan. The quantity of fish that water will carry remains a moot point amongst pisciculturists. Mr. Roger North, who discoursed on fishponds in 1713, gave his opinion that of fry six or eight inches long "you may put a hundred into four rods square of water, or near that proportion; these then can be fed up like chickens, and in time turn to great profit; because, considering a pond will, though but four acres, feed up 1,600 carp in two and perhaps one year, from ten to eighteen inches, fit for your table, present, or sale. . . ." Captain Milton Peirce, whose experience on carp-culture is very great, says that "nursery ponds, if in proper condition and containing a good growth of aquatic plants, will support one thousand to fifteen

hundred yearling carp per acre area of water. Stock-ponds, in like condition, will support five hundred two-year-old carp per acre. Under no ordinary circumstances should larger stocks be permitted. Over-stocking carp-ponds would produce the same result as over-stocking pastures with cattle." It is far better to under-stock a pond than to over-stock it, as the fish dwindle in size, and not only fail to be profitable, but in process of time the breed utterly degenerates. The increase of fish is something enormous, and the experience of Herr Max von dem Borne, who last year got more than eighty thousand fine young fry from five hundred carp (spawners and milters), is by no means uncommon. In all fishponds, large or small, only one kind of fish should be allowed at a time; if many varieties of fish are mixed in the narrow limits of a pond, they not only come to but little good, but they devour each other, and thereby encroach on the privileges of their proprietor. We cannot help thinking that many people who pass their lives in the country would find a most absorbing occupation, and profit both to mind and pocket, if they were to embark in the study of pond-fish and fishponds.

## BISHOP HANNINGTON.

THERE can, we fear, no longer be any reasonable doubt of the death, or as it may justly be called the martyrdom, of Bishop Hannington. Such events—deplorable in one sense, most honourable in another—have not been so common in the history of Anglican missions to the heathen that we can afford to pass them over in silence when they occur. The picturesque and pathetic incidents of the death of Bishop Patteson some years ago, and the high estimation in which he had deservedly been held from his youth among a wide circle of admiring friends and acquaintances at home, which found expression in Miss Yonge's graceful biography, conspired to attract to his fate an enthusiastic interest and sympathy which will hardly perhaps be accorded in so large a measure to the recent victim of a judicial murder inflicted by a savage tyrant in Equatorial Africa. Yet Bishop Hannington's death is more strictly a martyrdom than Bishop Patteson's. The latter was brutally murdered, not at all because he was a Christian missionary, though he met his end in the spirit of a missionary and a martyr, but in blundering retaliation for the kidnapping outrages of some British traders, with which of course he had no connexion whatever. Bishop Hannington deliberately confronted his fate in the direct discharge of the evangelizing mission he had undertaken, when consecrated two years ago as Bishop for Eastern Equatorial Africa, and because he was resolved to discharge it at all costs. King Mwanga hated him as a European and a Christian, and because he was coming to bring the message of the Gospel, or rather to take the lead of those who were already preaching it and had baptized several converts among his subjects, including two sisters of his predecessor, King Mtesa. According to the report of Mr. Wigram, Hon. Sec. C. M. S., he had reached Usoga, the country immediately to the east of the Victoria Nile, when he was imprisoned with his fifty men by the King's emissaries, while messengers were despatched to the capital for further instructions. They returned on the eighth day, and then the Bishop and all his party were led out to execution, but four of them somehow managed to escape, two of whom had witnessed the execution and brought word of it to Usoga, whence they telegraphed on October 31. Mr. Wigram, while freely avowing his reverence and admiration for "a good and brave missionary Bishop, singularly gifted for the duties of an episcopate unique in its character," is careful to explain that in adopting the plan he did of approaching Uganda "by the back door"—by a shorter and unaccustomed route through the Masai tribes, which King Mwanga was known to view with jealous suspicion—he acted entirely on his own judgment, and not by the advice of the Church Missionary Society. The Bishop himself indeed expressly avows this in letters quoted by Mr. Wigram, which will now be read with a melancholy interest:—

The serious part of the matter is that I venture to take the responsibility of the matter on myself, so that before this letter reaches you I shall, unless our loving Father directs differently, be on the road. I hope I may be able to satisfy you that this course is not so blameworthy as it appears at first sight. I have taken counsel with all whom I could on the subject, and the feeling of all without exception is "Go, for the time seems come under God's guidance to make the attempt."

I am afraid you will repent you of your Bishop, or at least wish you had clipped one of his wings and shod his feet with leaden soles; but I would say while I have health and strength let me spend it on His work, and this I fully believe the undertaking, if He permits it, will be. May I crave even more energy and more prayer on our behalf at home?

It is possible, as the *Times* insists with rather superfluous energy, that this may have been on the Bishop's part an error of judgment, but it was at all events, as Mr. Wigram points out, the result of mature deliberation, and no mere outburst of rash or foolhardy enthusiasm. He was not only a man of spirit, but of great resource, and no doubt trusted—with some reason—to his personal influence over the royal savage, when they came face to face; but no such opportunity was allowed him. If however he did make a mistake—a point on which it is difficult for those at a distance to form any trustworthy opinion—it must weigh light in the balance against the lofty motive which prompted and the heroic courage which inspired his decision, with a full consciousness of the deadly risk it entailed.

Moreover an indiscretion of this kind—if such it be—sometimes proves the truest wisdom in the long run. It is not Samson only who has slain more in his death than in his life, and there is much force in the axiom current among the early Christians that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. It is quite certain that the triumphs of Christianity during the three first centuries owed much more to moral than intellectual forces. There were subtle disputants, powerful thinkers, and eloquent preachers among the Christian apologists of that age, but the victory was won not so much in the lecture-room or the pulpit as on the sands of the Coliseum drenched in martyr blood. Even Gibbon admits, though he assigns a subordinate place to it, "the virtues of the first Christians" among his "five causes of the growth of Christianity." But in fact the moral contrast between the Christian and Pagan standard of life contributed far more than any or all of the four other "causes" to the rapid spread of the Gospel, and that moral contrast was illustrated and enforced by the *ultima ratio* of martyrdom. What St. Augustine said of the Crucified Founder of Christianity holds good in its measure of His disciples—*non ferro, sed ligno domuit orbem*. The Christians of that day, in the words of the primitive martyr Ignatius, looked on themselves as "the wheat of God," and longed for the day when they might "be ground by the teeth of wild beasts into the pure bread of Christ." Tender children, like Ponticus and Blandina and Perpetua, no less than aged men like Ignatius and Polycarp, were eager to suffer for their faith, and it became necessary, as time went on, for the Church to restrain a tendency to court martyrdom without reason for its own sake. It is true no doubt that this insane zeal, as they deemed it, excited the scorn of Pagan philosophers and satirists. Epictetus sneers at the "madness" of the Galileans, and Marcus Aurelius at their "pure obstinacy" in enduring death; Lucian is still bitterer in his denunciation of "these wretches," who despise death because they flatter themselves they will be immortal. But on the multitude their martyrdom produced a very different impression, and the old proverb quoted just now was abundantly justified by the result. Nay, more than a century after the last echoes of the cry of *Christianos ad leones* had died out in the Roman amphitheatre, and the faith of the "Galileans" had become the established cult of the Empire, another martyr had to fall on the same arena, in order to conquer by his death what a long series of ecclesiastical canons and imperial edicts had been wholly powerless to accomplish. The murderous gladiatorial shows, utterly condemned from the first by the Christian Church, had taken so strong a hold on Roman society that neither laws nor exhortations nor solemn censures availed to suppress them, till towards the close of the fifth century the young monk Telemachus, who had come to Rome from the East for the purpose, leapt into the arena to separate the combatants, and was hacked to pieces by their swords amid the howls of the angry spectators. But he had gained his end; his blood was the last which stained the sands of the Coliseum. If then we are to judge by former precedents, it is likely enough, even though his judgment should in some respects be called in question, that Bishop Hannington's may in the end prove right in his conviction that "the time seems come under God's guidance to make the attempt" in which he perished. And it is at least significant in this connexion that, as Mr. Wigram reports, "already the tidings (of his death) have produced one candidate for the honour of going up as a herald of the Cross into Central Africa." Zeal is apt to become infectious, and the "backdoor" into King Mwangi's dominions, which has been first opened by a missionary bishop in his own blood, will not easily be closed again.

It was largely because they took their lives in their hands that the early and mediæval missionaries attained a success which their more cautious successors of a later day have too generally failed to equal. And there is one special analogy between the mediæval missions and such enterprises as that of Bishop Hannington, inasmuch as then too the preachers of the Gospel were also the pioneers of civilization and humanity. It was, as Mr. Lecky truly observes, during about three centuries when Europe had sunk into the most extreme moral, intellectual, and political degradation that a constant stream of missionaries poured forth from the monasteries, "who spread the knowledge of the Cross and the seeds of a future civilization through every land from Lombardy to Sweden." The north of England was converted by the Irish monks of Lindisfarne, great parts of Gaul and Germany by St. Columban and St. Boniface, Switzerland by St. Gall. And so, too, the conversion of the East Equatorial kingdom of Uganda will be the surest means of putting an end to the barbarous slave trade which makes King Mwangi so jealous of the approach of European missionaries to his dominions. As Gibbon puts it, with a kind of cynical candour, "Christianity, which opened the gates of heaven to the barbarians, introduced an important change in their moral and political condition . . . and while they studied the divine truth their minds were insensibly enlarged." It was not, indeed, by such motives that the missionaries as a rule were actuated; and, if they were ready at any moment to seal their testimony with their blood, it was not the improvement of the condition of their converts in this world, but their salvation in the world to come, which outweighed in their minds all consideration of personal ease or security. That the early and mediæval Evangelists believed in the inevitable perdition of the whole heathen world has, however, been far too roundly asserted by some modern writers. There was always room left in the Church for what has since been called the doctrine of "invincible ignorance," but the primitive Christians at least could not fail

to perceive that contemporary Roman society was stained by vices of the true nature of which it would be absurd to call a fairly educated heathen "invincibly ignorant," and which indeed their own satirists and philosophers had lashed with unsparing severity, but had been entirely powerless—had hardly perhaps seriously endeavoured—to correct. The statement of the Apostle that "all the world lieth in wickedness" was to them not a theological tenet, but a matter of daily and familiar experience, and they knew of one means only for raising it to a higher moral level. But the paradoxical notion that the best virtues of the heathen are no better than "splendid vices," and that all the heathen alike in every age are doomed, as such, to certain and hopeless damnation was first formulated into a doctrine by the Reformers of the sixteenth century, and is of course a view, as Möhler points out, which makes any philosophy of history—such for instance as St. Clement of Alexandria sketched out in the second century—impossible. At the same time no missionaries can expect to be successful who are not inspired with an intense conviction at once of the absolute truth and the supreme importance of the message they have to deliver. Nor can there be any surer or more unmistakable evidence of the reality of that conviction than a readiness deliberately to die for it. King Mwangi himself may be too angry or too alarmed to use such reasoning powers as he possesses, but his subjects will henceforth not be inclined to doubt that those strangers who come to them from a distant land to preach the Gospel are anyhow themselves deeply convinced of the truth of what they preach. And thus, if Bishop Hannington was not himself permitted to preach to them, his blood will not have been shed in vain.

#### THE MUZZLE.

WE are very curious to see what view the new Home Secretary and the future Commissioner of Police will take of their responsibilities to the public in respect to the prevention of rabies. One thing is certain, that the present condition of things is utterly unsatisfactory. A muzzling order of some sort or another is supposed to be still in force, but since the unfortunate decision of Mr. Paget at the Wandsworth Police Court a fortnight since it has been little more than a dead letter, unmuzzled dogs being on view at the corner of every street. The whole affair has been terribly bungled. No one seems to know which order is to be obeyed—the explicit order of December, or the vague order of January, which was supposed to supersede it. The wording of the latter order was no doubt deplorably vague. If the late Commissioner of Police meant London dogs to be still muzzled, he should have had the courage of his intentions and said so, instead of wrapping up his meaning in such an ambiguous phrase as "under proper control, either by being led or otherwise." The private instructions to the police appear to have been definite enough to have got some of them into trouble; every constable knew and acted on the knowledge that Sir Edmund Henderson's "or otherwise" implied the muzzle until Mr. Paget went out of his way to give the dog-owners the privilege of interpreting it in whatever sense they pleased. The present arrangement, we repeat, is illogical and absurd. It entails all the irritation and none of the security of general muzzling, a mad dog left by chance unmuzzled being all the more dangerous from the fact that other dogs are muzzled and defenceless. Mr. Paget's action has done much to vitiate the result of an experiment which we hoped would have proved once again the efficacy of the muzzle in preventing the spread of rabies, and convinced its opponents of the groundlessness of their objections to it. We were in hopes that the authorities, having once seen how soon and how easily both dogs and their masters had become reconciled to the muzzle in London, would take courage and extend its application to the whole kingdom, with the view of stamping out rabies in these islands once for all. This measure we still advocate as the only adequate means of freeing even the metropolis from a standing danger. The December order has no doubt done much towards limiting the prevalence of rabies, as we shall shortly show, but even if the disease had been entirely banished from London by it, which we know that it has not been, there would still be no security against its reintroduction from outside. There are, of course, special difficulties in the way of applying a muzzling order in country districts, and strong opposition to it would, no doubt, be encountered from the owners of sporting dogs; but the present seems an exceptionally good opportunity for making the attempt. During the past year many valuable dogs have fallen victims to rabies in widely-separated country districts, and there is a more favourable disposition to welcome general muzzling as a safeguard for dog and man than there would have been at periods when the disease was less generally prevalent. Our insular position gives us facilities for stamping out rabies such as are unknown in other countries, and we believe that the present Home Secretary might easily earn for himself a lasting reputation as a bold and sagacious administrator by the simple expedient of ordering every dog throughout the country to wear a muzzle, when out of doors, over a period of at least six months.

Thanks to Mr. Paget, we shall now probably never know whether the Metropolitan muzzling order was capable of all the success which its advocates, and ourselves amongst them, promised. One thing, however, is sufficiently clear; it has not been followed by the terrible results prophesied by its opponents in the many ill-taught and ill-tempered letters which were published in the daily press. The dogs wear their muzzles contentedly



enough. They are not driven to madness by them, as we were so confidently assured that they would be, for though the order came into force twelve weeks ago, we have heard nothing of the fresh outbreak of rabies which, if the theories of the letter-writers were sound, ought to have occurred long since. Certainly muzzling has led to no increase of rabies; but it is very difficult to decide how far it has been successful in stamping it out. Mr. Victor Horsley, in the excellent lecture on hydrophobia which he gave at the Parkes Museum on Thursday week, quoted some interesting facts from the experience of the Brown Institution, where he holds the post of professor-superintendent. The statistics of that institution show that the admissions for rabies remained at a comparatively moderate figure until the autumn of 1884, when they suddenly increased by leaps and bounds. They reached their maximum in November, and slowly declined through December, to reach their normal level in the early part of 1885. In the autumn of last year they again began to rise, and went on increasing until the third week in November, when the first police order against stray dogs was issued. They then, instead of declining gradually, as in the previous year, fell abruptly to zero; and only one case of rabies has been admitted since. Considering that the incubation period of rabies is, as Mr. Horsley stated, about six weeks, the result is almost too pretty; but it is possible that many rabid dogs which would otherwise have been brought to the Brown Institution found their way, through the increased activity of the police, to the Dogs' Home, and were there painlessly released from their sufferings. We have other evidence before us, however, as to the effect which the muzzling order has had in limiting the spread of rabies. A veterinary surgeon in large practice tells us that in November last he had fifteen cases of the disease, in December only six cases, while in January he had only three cases, and during the present month only four. In January and February of last year, on the other hand, he saw seven and six cases respectively. These figures testify abundantly to the success of the muzzle, but they also show that the time has not yet arrived when it can be safely discarded.

Mr. Horsley's lecture was throughout of special interest and usefulness. He is one of the very few Englishmen at work at the meeting-point of human and comparative pathology, his position at the Brown Institution gives him unrivalled opportunities for observation and research, and he has shown by previous investigations what a flood of light may be thrown on obscure human diseases by experiments on the lower animals. The authorities of the Parkes Museum could hardly have commissioned a better lecturer to undertake the subject of hydrophobia, and certainly there is no disease which is more appropriate for treatment in a public lecture. We have all along contended that one of the chief conditions for the prevention of rabies is sound knowledge on the part of the public as regards the nature and signs of the disease. For the prevention of other diseases we have to rely largely, if not mainly, on the efforts of experts and officials, but the successful prevention of rabies and hydrophobia demands the intelligent co-operation of the whole public. The Parkes Museum, therefore, the special function of which is to popularize the science of prevention, could not possibly be better employed than in doing something to remove the incredible ignorance and superstitions about rabies, the existence of which has been so emphatically proved in the shoals of letters lately published in the penny journals. We need hardly say that Mr. Horsley, holding, as of course he does, the accepted views as to the causation of rabies, is entirely at one with us on the question of the muzzle. He has recently visited M. Pasteur's laboratory and witnessed his preventive inoculations, but he wisely reserves his judgment as to their efficacy and general applicability, and strongly insists that, failing M. Pasteur, we have as yet no means of preventing rabies but the rigorous removal of stray dogs and the compulsory use of the muzzle. The latter, he pointed out, is not only directly efficacious by preventing the communication of rabies, but it also enforces particular attention to the subject and puts dog-owners on the alert.

We have not space to follow Mr. Horsley through the interesting account he gave of hydrophobia in its scientific aspects. He argues, from the mode of operation of the virus, that its activity is dependent rather on a micro-organism like that of anthrax than on a chemical poison such as snake-venom, which acts far more rapidly. He believes that in most cases the virus finds access to the blood through the lymph-channels, a process which probably only takes two or three hours. Hence the necessity for immediate cauterization of any wound inflicted by a mad dog if the poison is to be overtaken and destroyed before it enters the circulation. Mr. Horsley gave several instances pointing to the efficacy of timely and thorough cauterization, the agent which he recommends as most sure and on the whole least painful being pure carbolic acid. When the virus has once gained access to the blood, he assumes that it multiplies slowly in the more stagnant parts of the circulation, since no organism grows with facility in a moving fluid; but as the poison begins to tell on the organism and the circulation becomes enfeebled, it multiplies with immense rapidity, until its host succumbs to its silent but terrible workings. The period which it takes to multiply to such an extent as to announce its presence by evident symptoms is in man and the higher animals as nearly as possible forty-two days, the patient, however, often experiencing unpleasant sensations for a few days previously. In the case of anthrax, a disease proved incontrovertibly to depend on the action of a micro-organism, there is a very similar sequence of events, but here the incubation takes hours in-

stead of days. However large a dose of anthrax poison is introduced into an animal, there are no symptoms until thirty-six hours have passed, and it is not until six hours later that the disease plainly manifests itself. Thus anthrax is a miniature presentment of rabies, and the resemblance renders it highly probable that, sooner or later, the latter will be as clearly shown to depend on infection with a germ as the former. One observer, Fol, of Geneva, states that he has already succeeded in identifying a micro-organism in the brain of rabid animals which can be cultivated, and which, when inoculated in healthy animals, produces rabies. But scientific men have been so often taken in by the pretended identification of specific organisms that they will do well to discredit this latest discovery until they have heard a little more about it.

#### THE HOUSE OF LAYMEN.

LAST week has witnessed what seems to have been the successful inception of an interesting and important experiment. Ever since that revival of energy within the Church of England which the most supercilious outsiders have now to acknowledge and reckon with, the necessity of bringing the laymen of the country into counsel with the clergy has been increasingly recognized, while the steps which have been taken to give effect to the need have been peculiarly timely in their sequence. The loosely-organized Church Congress led the way to, and was followed by, the more definitely constituted Diocesan Conferences, which supplied the defect of State recognition by the living influence of ecclesiastical sanction. Meanwhile that ancient representation of the clergy, the Convocations of Canterbury and York, with the venerable forms and immunities of pre-Reformation date, as well as of the later Church of England, have year by year more surely been making good their claim to be again accepted as the realities of the organized Church system of the present day. So, if some lay machinery could be devised to complete the electric circle by a connexion on the one side with the Convocations and on the other with the Conferences, a representative constitution linking happy survivals and healthy modern provisions could easily be built up and combine the elements of that which would at all events present the broad features of completeness.

The experiment just made by the Archbishop and the Convocation of Canterbury, and subsequently adopted with little change in York, has been intended to solve the difficulty in the manner which we have indicated. The body which has been constituted is neither a lay addition to the Lower House of Convocation, which would be illegal if set up without the concurrence of Parliament, or impossible if the consent of Parliament had to be sought, and in either case simply destructive of the constitutional idea of *Convocatio Cleri*, nor yet a body with no relation to the venerable Church legislature, which would only assert itself as a disturbing element in the ecclesiastical polity.

It has been called to life as an auxiliary House of Laymen sitting and deliberating by itself, and in equal touch with Upper and Lower House, if it were not more accurate to say that its relations to the Upper one are the closer. So much for its attitude towards Convocation, while its relation to the Diocesan Conferences is the very practical one of members and constituents, elected as it is, diocese by diocese, by the lay portion of each Conference. Ten representatives allotted to London, six to a few of the more populous country ones, and four to the remainder, result in a House for the Southern province of a little more than one hundred members, of a quality which holds out the reasonable expectation of useful and businesslike legislation. The Houses of Lords and Commons are represented in it in sufficient numbers, and it comprises, besides others of official rank, five ex-Cabinet Ministers of the two sides. One of these, Lord Selborne, was appropriately put in the chair, and his name in that position is in itself a sufficient answer to the cavillers who might seek to find something illegal, revolutionary, or fantastical in the experiment.

The sittings of the Lay House were opened on Tuesday in last week by an address from the Archbishop of Canterbury expounding the *raison d'être* of the new Assembly and summing up in the pregnant sentence, "Our object must be to extinguish wrongs without injuring rights." In reviewing the various subjects which have been somewhat clamorously recommended to the attention of Churchmen by that great host of reformers whom recent troubles have hatched, the Archbishop has something worth attention to say as to the equalization of clerical incomes in the suggestion "whether a fund for the relief of poor livings should not be rather formed upon a system of taxation upon offices and benefices proved to be substantially above the average value." We agree that this would be a preferable arrangement to the device of crudely cutting up existing benefices.

The Archbishop touched perhaps too sketchily, considering the importance of the question, on the assumed advantages of some fusion of or joint action between the two Convocations. It will not advance the question much to give an academic assent to the desirability of the change, for the pinch will come when the details have to be considered. Generally speaking, we believe that while co-operation is very desirable, considerations of various kinds are adverse to obliterating the distinct existence of the two bodies. Mr. Albert Grey's plan of compulsory Church Boards, with its contradictory and unsatisfactory definition of Church membership, meets, as might be supposed, with little mercy. There were yet

three days of meeting left to the House, and it was wisely advised to spend the time in doing one thing well. The choice of topic was judiciously made in the often-vexed question of Church Patronage; for this was again to the fore, inasmuch as a Bill is on the stocks to be introduced into the House of Lords by the Archbishop of Canterbury, although the Bishop of Peterborough is confessedly mostly responsible for its details. On the Wednesday the Bishop attended the House on behalf of the Bench, and explained the provisions of the measure, of which a scheme was distributed, while on the Thursday and Friday the Assembly deliberated on the propositions comprised in the paper, and by its way of handling the subject gave clear evidence of the advantage which must accrue from not neglecting the practical judgment which the lay Church mind can healthfully and prudently exercise.

The Bill begins by lopping away bonds of resignation and donatives, and both suggestions were very properly adopted without a dissentient voice. The abolition at a later stage of the debates of the power of mortgage belongs to the same class of useful reforms. The laymen, moreover, proceeded to abolish the sale of next presentations, and this also was agreed to, though not without a debate and division, in which names of weight and judgment appeared on the negative side. We have on former occasions given our reasons for doubting the wisdom of this prohibition, and we cannot find anything new to lead us to reconsider our conclusions. This brought the House to the kernel of the measure—the question of lay patronage and its saleability.

The scheme proposed was to abolish the sale of patronage, except to the man who could show that he owned half the parish, or to a so-called Board of Patronage composed of a few people in official position, or their nominees, and to charge in the latter case the price which would compensate the owner of the living on its income, spread over a term of not more than sixty years. It was an ingenious project, but not attractive at first sight. And as it was further debated its merits became less and less apparent. The half-owner test might often exclude the man (some great merchant or banker, for instance) who was really the richest inhabitant, and the most capable for patron, while in countless parishes there would be no one at all with the qualification. The Board of Patronage would be a machine for finding out and advancing mediocrities and fostering unworthy compromises, while the notion of saddling the poor parson out of his scanty income with the price was intolerable. So the upshot was that these provisions were traversed by three resolutions successively moved by Lord Cranbrook, Lord Harrowby, in concert with Lord Beauchamp, and Mr. Hubbard, and carried unanimously or by overwhelming majorities:—

"That in the opinion of this House the best remedy for the improper use of patronage is to extend the powers of the Bishop to refuse institution, and to relieve him in the exercise of such jurisdiction by adding a Council to assist him."

"That this House is of opinion that the evils justly complained of with respect to the sale of advowsons can be better dealt with by proper checks and modes of restraint, rather than by the prohibition recommended in the draft of the Bill."

"That in the opinion of this House any scheme of Church patronage amendment which would directly or indirectly divert any portion of the income of a benefice to the advantage of the patron would be inadmissible, as secularizing the property given to the parish for God's service."

The Council contemplated by Lord Cranbrook is, of course, quite a different affair from the Board of Patronage. It would simply exist for the purpose of giving advice.

It is satisfactory to notice that the Convocation of York has during the present week, in its Lower House, emphatically rejected the proposed scheme for seeking compensation at the cost of the living.

These resolutions nearly filled up the time till the House had to adjourn, on the fourth day, till May 11, and it rose after passing the first of some supplementary safeguards moved by Lord Harrowby, which presented that the sales should be conducted, not by an ordinary auctioneer, but by some ecclesiastical official. All this will without doubt much delay legislation on patronage; but the gain will be incalculable in the improvement of the measure; and, in any case, who can have much hope for the Church obtaining a hearing during this Session? The impression left by the tone, temper, and business-like capacity of the House was decidedly favourable, while it was pleasant to notice that, so far as it has gone, the laymen have not shown any inclination to split into parties on the too familiar lines of exciting polemics.

#### THE THEATRES.

IN the opinion of Mr. H. A. Jones and Mr. Wilson Barrett *The Lord Harry*, which they have composed for the Princess's Theatre, is a "new and original romantic play." The claim seems to show that the reading of these two gentlemen has been strangely circumscribed, or they would have known that their story is far from being new and is not at all original. On the contrary, it has been told before dozens of times. When it is said that a Cavalier, whom we are to accept as being of the most courageous and chivalrous description, loves a Puritan's daughter, escapes multitudinous perils, and finally is left looking for a priest

who shall marry them straightway, it will be perceived that the words new and original are employed only in their theatrical sense—which is to say that they do not mean anything in particular. *The Lord Harry* is, indeed, a slice taken out of almost any romance of the great Civil War, and the main object of the authors has been to provide a character in which one of them shall have a great many spirited things to do—very valuable on the stage when done with proper spirit—and a very great many exceedingly long speeches to make. It is not so much a play proper as a panorama of incidents which, unhappily for the spectator's patience and for the authors' claims to newness and originality, have been frequently seen before. The effect of such a piece as this must mainly depend upon the personal influence exercised by the actor to exhibit whom the story has been invented, and for our own part we do not recognize Mr. Wilson Barrett as a convincing exponent of the qualities which doubtless distinguished the Cavaliers in those days, and invariably distinguish them on the stage. When the play opens we discover Sir Humphry Hinton, in command of the Royalist troops, which are besieging Castle Zoyland; and from him and his staff we hear much in praise of his nephew, Lord Harry Bendish. We learn that there never was such a man as Lord Harry, who, it is surely needless to say, enters on the top of these eulogies; and we regretfully find that we cannot agree with the views which Sir Humphry has eloquently expressed. Some one has said—it was probably La Rochefoucauld, but at any rate it was some one whose sayings are accepted—"Qu'à une grande vanité près, les héros sont faits comme les autres hommes." The Lord Harry is far too self-conscious, too much given to attitudinizing—in fact, far too theatrical a personage to inspire credence.

The best piece of work called forth by the play is the representation by Mr. Willard of Captain Ezra Promise, a Puritan in authority at Zoyland Castle. Promise loves the Governor's daughter, Esther Breane, who is also beloved by Lord Harry; and it is, of course, the recognized law of such a situation of affairs that the girl is to be devoted to the Cavalier. There is a quiet intensity about Mr. Willard's performance of the treacherous and malignant Roundhead which is worth all, and a great deal more than all, the bounce and shrill vehemence of the character which the authors seek to glorify. The Lord Harry is detected in Zoyland Castle, whither he has gone to see if the condition of affairs is as desperate as the besiegers hope, is arrested, and cast into a dungeon, from the window of which he escapes by means of a rope brought to him by Esther; and the conventional episode is completed by the overthrow and binding of Promise, who has descended to the dungeon for no dramatic reason, but obviously in order that the tables may thus be turned upon him in accordance with theatrical custom. Promise presently betrays the garrison, in the belief that the King's power is in the ascendant; and here the movement of the story is so rapid that confusion ensues, the one thing evident being that Lord Harry, Esther, and her father, Colonel Breane, have escaped and taken refuge in a cottage, and that Promise wishes to find them. Here follows a very stupid scene. The floods have risen with a rapidity which is, we are inclined to think, without precedent since the days of Noah, and the three fugitives are driven to the roof of their hiding-place. Promise is punted up in a boat, and gives a lamentable proof of the inaccuracy of musket practice in the days of the first Charles by missing his enemy twice at a range of about five yards. Then all the men who were in the boat slowly climb on to the roof, and the three who were on the roof cautiously step into the boat. The affair is childish. The last act is not quite so stupid as this, and yet it is very stupid indeed; for Promise once more demonstrates his inability to aim straight by firing at Lord Harry and hitting Esther, the Puritans having followed their enemies to a spot on the sea-shore called Cleeve Bay. There is sore lamentation over the sudden death of the unhappy girl. Lord Harry kneels by her body, and, with as much feeling as he can command—which is not, indeed, very much; for Mr. Wilson Barrett's power of expressing emotion is small—mourns her fate, and curses her murderer; her father is equally afflicted; and then Esther, who has of course fallen down, gets up again. Like Jack Robinson in the old song, she had never been dead at all. Promise cannot even hit anybody by accident. It is truly a simple-minded public which tolerates such puerile make-believe as this under the name of new and original romantic drama. We are tempted to echo an old inquiry with special reference to audiences at the Princess's Theatre, "Le public! Le public! combien faut-il de sots pour faire un public?"

Mr. Willard, as aforesaid, furnishes a well-considered study of the traitor Ezra Promise, and in more than one scene he is aided by the companionship of Mr. Charles Hudson, who is alert, and cleverly hits off the character of a fellow-rascal of lower grade, Mike Seccombe. Both these actors help to retrieve a barren evening. Miss Eastlake is the recognized heroine of drama at this house. The part of Esther is not one that can call forth an actress's best gifts. The whole business is so thoroughly artificial that the lady who is fated to appear in it cannot be justly blamed if she fails to touch. That there should be comic Puritan servants with more or less quaint things to say in Biblical phraseology is a matter of course in plays like this. The timorous lout in helmet and breastplate acted by Mr. Coote comes the nearest to being amusing. The Tribulation Tyzack of Mr. George Barrett is too deliberately set on being funny at all hazards. There is here no attempt to represent character. Thus, when in danger of execution, Tyzack seeks pardon from his chief with the threat that, if hanged, he



will be a "most unreasonable ghost," and with such stupid speeches as this to make there can be no approach to illusion. The scene-painter has done well, in some cases very well. He has provided a very picturesque setting for the fatuous occurrence on the roof of the submerged cottage.

The success of the singularly unequal drama which Mr. Coghlan has built up on M. Ohnet's *La Grande Marnière* is a striking example of the value of artistic acting and effective situations in minimizing defects of construction. The sustained power, the dignity and pathos, of Mrs. Langtry's impersonation of the heroine in the last three acts of *Enemies* completely divert attention from the jerky, inconsequential development of the plot. Nothing short of the actress's delicate and finished art could veil with temporary oblivion the violent melodrama of the murder scene or the farcical colloquy between Peter Darvel and Lord Dunderby in the scene of the ball-room. Mrs. Langtry's admirable acting in the latter scene alone rescues it from contempt; her rendering of the impulsive apology to the insulted Richard Darvel raises the scene in one moment of inspiration from its perilous absurdities. We forget in the emotional strength of this telling situation the superfluous dialogue between the landlady and Peter Darvel and the overwrought and somewhat exasperating study of Lord Dunderby by Mr. Kemble, whose bad quarter of an hour of fumbling with his white gloves and subsequent gambols in the dance are excesses of "business" quite beneath so sound a character-actor. The last three acts offer the most varied opportunities for the display of Mrs. Langtry's powers, from the lighter phases of comedy to the intenser moments of sudden passion. The strength of the play consists chiefly in the wide field it affords for emotional acting in the part of Margaret Glenn, and Mrs. Langtry's natural gifts have never before proved more fruitful in expression and the charm of spontaneity. It is, indeed, a considerable triumph to interpret with equal felicity scenes so opposed in emotional quality, so diverse in dramatic characteristics as the interview with young Darvel, the powerful scene where Margaret Glenn strikes old Darvel, and the touching appeal to the infatuated Sir Manvers. The part, it is true, is exactly suited to Mrs. Langtry, and abounds in the material that could not fail to produce powerful effects in competent hands, though this cannot detract in any way from the distinct merits of Mrs. Langtry's performance and its complete fulfilment of all that the part suggests. For the rest, we can add nothing to our former praise of Mr. Coghlan's artist-like rendering of young Darvel, except to note an animated and expressive encounter between father and son, in which both Mr. Coghlan and Mr. Fernandez are exceedingly impressive.

#### THE REDUCTION IN THE BANK RATE.

THE value of money during the first quarter of the calendar year, which, our readers will recollect, is the last quarter of the financial year, is usually higher than in any other quarter except the one immediately preceding. The harvesting and marketing of the crops lead to an outflow of money from the banking centres of the world in the autumn, and the movement reaches its highest point in London about the middle of November. The result is that the supply of loanable capital in the short-loan market of London becomes so small that the discount-houses and bill-brokers are compelled, commonly in the month of December, to borrow largely from the Bank of England. Therefore, when the Bank of England at the beginning of January pays the interest upon the National Debt, the supply so passed from the Bank to the outside market usually is paid back again to the Bank of England in reimbursement of the advances made by that institution in the month before. In itself this lessens the supply of loanable capital in the outside market, and helps to give the Bank control over that market. Since the changes made when Lord Sherbrooke was Chancellor of the Exchequer there is a disproportionately large part of the revenue collected in the last quarter of the financial year. In consequence, the supply of loanable capital in the outside market grows smaller and smaller, while money accumulates on account of the Government in the Bank of England. For the two reasons now stated the supply of loanable capital in the outside market during January, February, and March tends to grow smaller and smaller, while the Government balance at the Bank of England tends to grow larger. Therefore the Bank of England is able to fix the rates of interest and discount, and the Bank rates being usually higher than the outside market rates, the value of money is thus kept higher in the three months enumerated than in the following six months. And this year it appeared likely that what has hitherto happened would be repeated. In the autumn a speculation in American railroad securities sprang up, and it was expected that this would lead to a considerable demand for loans by speculators in stocks. Furthermore, there was a hope that trade was at length beginning to improve, and there was also a very considerable drain of gold to Germany, which compelled the Bank of England to raise its rate of discount to 4 per cent. It was expected that the outside market, therefore, would have to borrow largely from the Bank, that the Bank in consequence of that and of the large revenue payments would be able to obtain control of the outside market, and that thus the value of money would be kept up. But the General Election gave a greater check to trade than was anticipated, and the defeat of the Conservatives in the counties

disheartened the City, and gave rise to so many fears that the foreign policy of the country would be altered for the worse, that speculation fell away. The borrowing from the Bank of England was not large in December, and consequently almost the whole of the interest upon the National Debt has remained in the outside market instead of, as usual, being paid back to the Bank of England. Lastly, the expenditure of the Government is so largely in excess of the receipts that money has not accumulated as heretofore in the Bank of England. Up to Saturday night last, the expenditure exceeded the receipts by nearly three millions, and Thursday's Bank of England return shows that the public deposits at the Bank are over three millions less than at the corresponding date last year. Consequently, by two steps the Bank of England has been compelled to lower its rate from 4 per cent. to 2 per cent.; and even so the rate of discount in the open market is fully one-half per cent. lower than the official Bank rate.

We are inclined to think that the Directors of the Bank of England would have acted more wisely last week had they allowed the Bank rate to remain at 3 per cent. The Bank of England holds the ultimate reserve of the whole country, and the reserve in the last resort depends upon the amount of gold held by the Bank; but the whole amount of gold now held by the Bank is under 23 millions. This is an entirely inadequate amount under existing circumstances. It is to be hoped that the peace of Europe will be maintained; but, at the same time, it is not to be ignored that almost at the beginning of spring peace is not yet concluded between Bulgaria and Serbia, while Greece still threatens an attack upon Turkey. It is possible, therefore, that even yet war may be recommenced in the Balkan peninsula, and that some at least of the Great Powers may be drawn into it. But the outbreak of a European war would convulse the money markets of the Continent, and would certainly lead to a large export of gold from this country to the Continent. Even if war is happily avoided, there is great probability that we shall see a serious commercial panic in Russia. Some time ago we pointed out in these columns the reasons for thinking a panic probable, and since then the probability has certainly increased. All the reports that reach us from Russia represent the condition of large provinces to be deplorable. But if a commercial panic were to occur in Russia it would have a very damaging effect upon Germany, which is so intimately connected both commercially and financially with Russia; and during the past few months we have had indisputable proof that the capitalists of Germany have it in their power to take large amounts of gold from London. Again, the failure of the Commercial Bank of South Australia reminds us that the Australasian Colonies are passing through a very serious trial. Drought some time ago killed immense numbers of sheep, and therefore impoverished the flockmasters of the Colonies. The fall in wool, which has been continuous throughout the past year, and seems to be still in progress, has caused still further losses to the colonists and to the colonial banks, and the fall in wheat and copper has also very adversely affected the interests of those Colonies. The Australasian Colonies, then, are passing through a crisis which may imperil more than one of the financial institutions; and it is not at all improbable, therefore, that the supply of gold from Australia may for a time be stopped. But we have of late been dependent almost entirely for fresh supplies of gold upon Australia. The Russian production is absorbed by Russia itself and by Germany, and the American production is retained at home. It is true that during the past few weeks gold has been exported in considerable amounts from New York; but the gold so exported is going almost entirely to the Continent, and, even if a little of it were to be retained here, the export may be stopped at any moment. It is due chiefly to the fact that American capitalists have been buying American railroad securities in the London market in immense quantities during the past few months. Since the General Election, the speculation in American railroad securities has died out here in London; but it is going on vigorously in the United States. The capitalists of New York have, consequently, taken advantage of the fall in prices here, and have bought immensely, and to pay for their purchases they are obliged to remit some gold. At any moment, however, the speculation in American railroad securities here may revive, American capitalists may sell back to the English capitalists what they recently bought, and thus the debt due by American capitalists to London may be set off by a debt due from English capitalists to New York. Lastly, it is not to be forgotten that the recent Argentine Loan was raised for the express purpose of enabling the Argentine Government to take gold from London for the purpose of paying off its debt to the National Bank, and so putting an end to the financial crisis that has existed in Buenos Ayres for months past. Much surprise is felt that the gold has not already been taken; but it is known that the two great houses that brought out the Loan hold the money in readiness whenever the Argentine Government chooses to take it; and, therefore, we may see a very considerable export of gold from this country to Buenos Ayres at any moment. The stock of gold, then, held by the Bank of England, being already too small, is in danger of being considerably lessened by demands from various different quarters; while there is no probability of any large receipt of gold on the other hand. It would appear, then, that it would have been wiser on the part of the Directors of the Bank of England to retain their rate at 3 per cent. in the hope of attracting some gold.

It must fairly be admitted, at the same time, that the Directors of the Bank of England could make out a very strong case for the decision to which they have come. They have failed to obtain control of the outside market, and, therefore, to fix the rates of discount and interest, and it is not likely that they will now succeed in getting the control for so long a time as would enable them to attract gold. This being so, it may be argued that their duty to their shareholders was to lower their rate of discount sufficiently to obtain some portion of the current business. It may also be contended that trade is so depressed that it needs all the encouragement to be given by cheap money; and, lastly, it may be argued that in the natural course of events the gold that has been taken away will come back again to London. To all this, however, we would reply that the Bank has not obtained any fresh business by the reduction of its rate. Its rate was above the outside market rate; but it continues above the outside market rate still. Consequently, by lowering its rate it simply made it impossible to attract gold from abroad without really benefiting its own shareholders. If there were any probability of an improvement in trade, the circumstances would be still more serious; for as soon as trade improves there will be an outflow of coin to the provinces. The drain of gold to Germany and elsewhere was to a certain extent masked by the contraction of the home currency, coin steadily flowing back into the Bank of England; but as soon as trade improves coin will flow out. The reserve will, therefore, fall, and the Bank may be compelled to raise its rate very suddenly, to the inconvenience of all engaged in business. It may be objected that improvement in trade is now not probable. The Revenue returns show less and less consuming power on the part of the people. The return issued on Wednesday, for example, shows that, compared with the corresponding period of last year, there is a falling off in the receipts from Customs, Excise, and Stamps of over a million and a half. The railway traffic returns also show a continuous falling off in earnings; and the complaints on the part of the working classes of want of employment are conclusive as to the depressed state of trade. Nevertheless, there are many reasons for believing that an early improvement is not improbable. The Revenue Returns, in the first place, are indicative rather of the past condition than of the future condition of trade; and, in the second place, the complaints of the working people only go to prove that wages are now being adjusted to the lower prices. As long as wages continued high, the losses of profits of which capitalists complained continued. Capitalists, therefore, were less and less inclined to carry on business on a large scale; but when once wages are reduced in accordance with the new scale of prices, profits can once more be made, and business, therefore, will improve. It is clear that, partly by the discharge of workpeople, partly by voluntary submission, and partly by the result of strikes and lock-outs, reductions in wages are being made all over the country to a very large extent, and as this proceeds far enough we may see a very considerable improvement in trade. It is true that the improvement is not likely to tell upon the circulation for some little time yet. Still the fact that improvement is to be looked for, and that at the same time a drain of gold is not unlikely, makes the state of the money market unsatisfactory. The supply of gold held by the Bank is not sufficient for the needs of the country, and therefore the money market is in unstable equilibrium. Any accident may compel the Bank to raise its rate suddenly and considerably, and may thus cause inconvenience to all who are engaged in business.

#### SOME MINOR EXHIBITIONS.

IT is difficult to see what are the qualities which daily attract crowds to the exhibition of Mr. Long's pictures. Large canvases, chimney lights, and historical subjects go for a good deal with the public, as Gustave Doré's show has abundantly proved. But Doré, though he wielded the brush wildly, and was a rank colourist, had imagination, at least of the black and white sort; whereas Mr. Long's conceptions, whatever they may be, are not pictorial. His types, with such expression as he gives them, were they unimpeachably constructed, were they revealed as things are revealed by light—subtly, nobly, largely—were they expressively handled in rich, solid colour, would still fail to mark in the drama of real life or in the ideal representation of far distant historical scenes. As it is they serve as mere lay figures, mere counters or symbols standing for human creatures and human passions; and they depend for their effect, as do the rude devotional figures of barbarians, upon the sentiment of the story with which they are associated. Not for a moment do we consider Mr. Long an insincere painter. We believe that he earnestly brings all his faculties to bear upon what he assumes to be a sufficient conception; but we contend that he does not see or feel any of the many phases of the world legitimately open to an artist in paint. True, a critic should be more cautious in blame than in praise; the first is negative, the second positive; and he must, of necessity, be less sure that he is not blind to what others may see than confident that he sees a merit which others may have overlooked. Very possibly, therefore, Mr. Long's pictures may have archaeological and suggestive meanings that we do not properly appreciate. He may have the patience of a librarian, the knowledge of an archaeologist, and the skill of a costumer; but these qualities are not an artist's, nor do they much help him in making a noble representation of life. On the contrary, in excess they

induce a mortal paralysis of the vital parts of pictorial art. The artist's inward sentiment of life must be passed through the special material of some art, and must therefore reach the feeling of his fellow-men wholly through their eyes or ears. Hence, as it must serve as a language, the disposition of the material is all important. And both the artist and the art-lover must have faith that the materials of sound or sight are intrinsically capable of such noble arrangement that, without any ticket or label of description, they shall correspond to and arouse similar noble and dignified feelings in the texture of the onlooking mind. The primary qualities of the artist, then, are imaginative treatment of his material and perception of the order of feelings to which different styles of using it naturally appeal. But Mr. Long's view of style is totally inadequate to his work, and even in still life would not present a fine side of nature. Is it, then, to its advantage that it should be employed upon the loftiest subjects? If a composer of the slipshod ballad school should undertake to set an oratorio, with no finer quality to back him than a vein of lugubrious tunefulness, would the solemnity of the words uplift his music to a Handelian platform? To most people the combination would be revolting, and the lugubriousness of the motives a parody. But unfortunately the language of paint is dead as compared with the one more generally understood of sound. Can any one acquainted with the *métier* lay his finger on any technical point in which Mr. Long is strong enough for the tasks he undertakes, unless it be in one of the elements of composition? True, he has an excellent sense of what is a good line in grouping. In his "Jephtha's Vow" the silhouette of the near figures (their sky-line, so to speak, although they are relieved against distant hills) is very well sought out and very successful in its flowing variety of level. And that is all.

The Nineteenth Century is one of the smaller Societies which must admit so many members and hang so many pictures. Thus a first glance at its walls of necessity shows more of petty, false, or catchpenny art than is at all pleasant. It is, however, of no worse alloy than rival galleries of like size; indeed, at a second look many pictures reveal themselves as fair examples of men who are becoming known for a creditable soundness and sincerity of aim. We note, among many other pictures of the sort, Mr. Aubrey Hunt's masterly and decisively handled sketches, one at Dieppe (139), soft, luminous, and grey, another at Granville (284), gay, sparkling, and brilliant; Mr. Vincent Yglesias's finely concentrated and powerful moonlight effect (56); Mr. H. S. Tuke's "Morning Gossip" (200), a fresh yet soberly painted picture of two women and a baby; "A Windy Day on the Thames" (245), an effect of clouded grey sky, dark summer greens, and ruffled water, faithfully and cleverly expressed by Mr. Arthur G. Bell; Mr. Yeend King's rendering of the lively play of sunshine amidst the vivid leafy green of a deep summer wood in his "Mill Stream" (104); and two "Summer Afternoons," one, (114), Mr. Percy Belgrave's, bold and solid almost to coarseness, the other (78), shaped like a long panel, harmonious in its grey tones, and studiously unaffected so to speak in its broad refinement, by Mr. Edgar Wills. Noticeable, also, for their quiet truth and well-observed yet unobtrusive local colouring are Mr. A. K. Brown's "Dumbarton Rock" (64) and "Moness Burn, Aberfeldy" (92); Mr. Trevor Haddon's "Old Manor House, Bucklebury" (45); Mr. T. F. Goodall's "Yarmouth Shrimp-boats" (107) and "Wroxham Bridge" (247). Patient study and original observation are to be found in Mr. W. J. Shaw's large "Study of the Sea—St. Bride's Bay" (76); and some of Miss Alice Miller's heads are not wanting in a certain smartness of handling and perception of character. The water-colours are better this year, and that in a promising direction. In this branch of art manipulative skill is so often at the service of flimsy, preconceived notions of tone, or pretty but effeminate imagination, that any attempt to combine the natural delicacy of water-colour with a robust and sincere attitude towards nature is always to be welcomed. Mr. Albert Kinsley, for instance, in "The Year's Decline" (389), unites a graceful technique to a true and delicate sense of value. The local tints of autumn float subdued in the atmosphere, and are not realized in that glaring particoloured manner which people of gross perception, or too partial observation, mistake for strength and truth. Again, in his "Bosham Quay, Sussex" (399), Mr. R. H. Nibb's picturesque feeling for detail in no way interferes with his large sentiment for open air or his unconventional yet artistic grouping. Mr. T. J. Soper, Mr. D. Green, Mr. John Steeple, and several others show a sense of the true fresh grey of the atmosphere as well as a feeling for natural composition.

The Dudley Water-Colour gathering attains a higher general level than that of the last exhibition of oils. Mr. A. Kinsley shows some clever work, neither as sincere nor as delicate, however, as his little sketch at the Nineteenth Century. Mr. A. W. Weedon, in the solitary boat and wild sky of his "Twilight, Ross-shire" (140), has perhaps struck the highest emotional note of the gallery. For deliberate artistic arrangement and polish of style Mr. A. W. Parson's "Picking up a Water-logged Brig" (451) must take a very high place, in spite of the over-delicacy which somewhat shirks the rude contrasts of reality. For breadth and truth of aspect we would rather choose Mr. Lessore's "Greenwich" (181), which boldly grapples with the dark and sombre aspect of London, Mr. Russell Dowson's fresh and strong "Low Tide, Concarneau" (379), or Mr. Clem. Lambert's "Littlehampton" (126), in which there is absolutely no trace of improper detail, tinted atmospheres, arrangements in coloured sugar, or any other



disturbant of the harmony of large relations. Such work is always rare even amongst men of greater technical skill in water-colour, because the qualities on which it depends do not naturally come from the most easy and evident use of the medium. Miss Kate Macaulay contributes a sober and well-arranged composition of Battersea Bridge (11), and Mr. E. Wake Cooke a graceful as well as interesting view of "Wordsworth's Walk, Rydal" (439). There is also good and intelligent work from Messrs. G. de Breanski, A. C. Wyatt, Claude Hayes, S. G. W. Roscoe, W. E. Bowman, Miss Ada Bell, and many others.

Messrs. Agnew's is the best and most important Water-Colour Exhibition now open. As the achievement of older schools is as fully illustrated as the work of artists of the day, there is little that is wholly bad, or that at any rate does not possess historical interest. A Copley Fielding, "The White Cliffs of Albion" (2), is as good a specimen of the master as we could wish to see; not only is the composition of its foreground waves and boats effective and noble, but the swing of the sea is full of motion, and the sky and distance of air. "Glen Falloch" (28), another large Copley Fielding in an entirely different style, has quite an Old Master's feeling in its composition, in its scheme of full-coloured blue and brown, and in its conventional touch. Clarkson Stanfield's "Ship on Fire" (24) is interesting in drawing and grouping, though it is not intended to produce a full-colour effect or present a logical scheme of tone. A large De Wint, "Lancaster" (43), is of noble aspect, despite its brown colour and hard, tight handling. "Venice" (10) is a good example of Prout's excellent though conventional manner of dealing with architectural subjects, and it presents a rather fuller effect of colour than is usual with him. Mr. Birket Foster appears to best advantage in architectural subjects such as "Caen" (165), where his narrow view of treatment and his mechanical minuteness do not, as in landscape, belittle the grandeur of nature, and produce, as in another sample hard by (162), the effect of work turned out by a machine. A big, showy David Cox, "On the Wye" (51), derives its pretentious arrangement and conventionally warm colour from other masters, and is therefore not so characteristic as some of his broader and simpler work, which came more directly from nature. The "Returning from Market" (230) is an example of Cox's own landscape composition, and a very noble one it is; while the "Windsor Castle" (253) will show his exquisite softness and refinement of colour; and "Rhyll Sands" (189), with its broad stretch of sand and sky, its characteristic figures, and its close values, may serve to illustrate his airy and realistic manner of sketching. There are, moreover, a fine sober little Bonington, "Verona" (212), an unpleasantly brown Rosa Bonheur (223), three or four tinted pencil drawings by Sir David Wilkie, one or two poor sketches with the point by Rossetti, some of John Varley's hard and semi-classic work, a couple of mediocre Turners, and a figure sketch of noble composition and dignified colour by Cattermole—a "Christ Preaching" (264). So much for the past. If we mention that Mr. Burne Jones, who cannot from his aims be fairly called of to-day, is represented by a fine and very expressive drawing of "Cupid and Psyche" (91), we may turn to the moderns. Mr. Reginald Jones goes in for a perfect riot of not untrue colour in his "New Forest in Autumn" (68); but in "A Waterfall" (147) he shows that, though still steeped in a feeling for luscious colour, he can settle down more or less contentedly to a scheme of grey. Mr. Edwin Ellis gives us more fervour, more dash, and more drama than any one in the room in his superb and angry storm, "The Return of the Fishing-boats" (44). Mr. Fabres comes well to the front by the science in drawing and modelling and by the directness of handling displayed in his "Arab Minstrels" (104); and Mr. Luigi Chialiva excels in a sort of pastoral elegance of idea and refined appropriateness of technique. It is impossible to exhaust the tale of all that is worth seeing from past and present painters—Messrs. Abbey, W. L. Leitch, Ernest Paston, David Green, F. G. Cotman, and many others.

#### THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

BEETHOVEN'S Fifth Symphony, the great feature of last Saturday's concert, was preceded by six miscellaneous numbers, Sir Arthur Sullivan's *In Memoriam* Overture, a work of grave and serious character, standing first on the programme. An introduction, slow in time, marked and even in rhythm, simple in construction, and sober and organ-like in colour, prefaces a long Allegro founded on two themes, one in the minor, full of agitation, the other in the relative major, breathing a more resigned and pathetic melody. One or two episodes are striking, and there are some remarkable orchestral effects; as, for instance, those for trombones and clarionets in the second part, and the tremendous violin rushes in the coda, just before it finishes off with a fortissimo repetition of the introductory motive. The only other purely orchestral number, Léo Delibes's *Scène du Bal*, composed for Victor Hugo's *Le Roi s'amuse*, seems to us at once the most distinguished in style and the most melodiously inspired of the several similar suites lately given at the Palace.

Of four solo performances, two were instrumental and two vocal. Miss Thudicum's most important song was "Ah! come rapida," from Meyerbeer's *Il Crociato*, in which her fine penetrating voice secured her considerable applause. Her execution, however, was hardly elastic enough for all the intricacies of the song, and her nuances of soft and loud were by no means sufficiently subtle.

Not the feature of least interest was the first appearance here of Signor Bottesini, the famous virtuoso. He first played the last two movements of a concerto which he has composed for his own instrument. The "Andante," built on a fine flowing melody, as it becomes at times intricate in accent and ingeniously varied in expression, was admirably suited to bring out the precision and ease with which this wonderful player handles his cumbersome instrument. He has a good feeling for phrasing and for long undulating waves of forte and piano; his high notes are of superb tone, and at times seem like the notes of a plaintive wandering voice. A quick finale opens brilliantly and elegantly; oboes, flutes, and violins accompany the double bass. Then the delicate staccato-like percussion of this theme is followed by and contrasted with a more singing motive. Here Signor Bottesini played at times with a fiery energy, and at times with a passionate, reedy tone that was almost human. His second performance, a paraphrase, also his own, on Paisiello's "Nel cor più," was well calculated to exhibit the wonderful and elastic agility of his execution. A variation in tremendous jumps, which even he scarcely managed to make really tuneful or agreeable, seemed more than anything else to stir the enthusiasm of the audience.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony wound up the afternoon, and as usual overwhelmed the memory of everything else. This Symphony was first heard, together with the "Pastoral" and the *Choral Fantasia*, at a concert held in Vienna in 1808, the year before Haydn's death, when it achieved but small success. Saturday's performance, though somewhat nerveless, was on the whole a clear and correct rendering. The well-known representation of Fate knocking at the door with which the first movement opens was scarcely firm and fiery enough in enunciation; moreover, the accent on the second of the three quavers might have been more definitely marked, so as to more clearly distinguish the group of notes from a triplet. More abrupt and imperious energy, too, was wanted in the chords which come immediately before the horns leap out alone and thunder forth the "knocking motive" with the increased emphasis of fifths instead of thirds. The graceful sway of the second subject was well rendered, nor did the orchestra lack spirit in the tremendous flogging-up of energy in the ensuing crescendo. The faults of the whole movement, and more particularly of the coda, were a sort of dragging ponderousness and a want of rapidity in the crescendos. The first theme of the Andante, whether the section for the lower strings or that for the wind, was hardly shaded with sufficient delicacy and pathos; but the glorious march-like movement of the second subject, especially the forte passage in C Major, was given with excellent effect. Some of those short fiery rushes, which give so much passion and variety to the work by the contrast they present with the "linked sweetness" of other parts, suffered from monotony in the time and tameness in the gradation of piano and forte. Much better in these respects was the rendering of a remarkable effect towards the end, the strange mysterious diminuendo. The Scherzo opened well, and justice was done to the strange and vague character of its principal theme; but the second subject, which is in direct contrast, owing to its firmly-beaten rhythm and menacing horn notes, was rather heavy and lifeless. Best of all, perhaps, was the thundering and appalling trio, which was played with admirable *brío* and clearness. Effective, too, was the grand burst of the orchestra into the heavy pomp of the Finale in C Major. In this movement, also, the crescendos were hardly fiery and impetuous enough, nor did the orchestra fall upon the second subject with the hungry rush which gives it so much effect. On the other hand, the triplet theme was given briskly and with much intelligence. Many conductors insist much more on the opposition between the forte and piano phrases, with the disadvantage, as we think, of distracting the attention and interrupting the general swing of the rhythm. Elsewhere, however, Mr. Manns, without doing amiss, might have employed firmer oppositions and a wider range of gradation. For instance, the stormy passage before the introduction of the second subject of the Scherzo was hammered with too even a force, and the re-entrance of the Scherzo was not delicate enough. The big striding motive which bursts in so unexpectedly towards the end produced its usual noble and colossal effect; and the finish was worked up to with great energy and success.

#### "IT WAS A MISTAKE."

"IT was a mistake"—these are the opening words of paragraph after paragraph in the Report of the Committee which has investigated the conduct of the police at the sack of Piccadilly on the 8th inst. "It was a mistake," we are told, for the police to have done what they did; "it was a mistake" for them to have left undone what they never seemed to have dreamt of doing on that wrathful day. This Report is therefore a rude awakening for the sleeping authorities of Scotland Yard. Up till now, as we all know, they have never been "mistaken" about anything or anybody. Those who have rashly dared to hint anything to the contrary, they have brushed aside, when they deigned to notice such innuendoes, with the compassion and contempt which become a superior order of beings, whose distinctive attribute is infallibility, and whose only foible is omniscience. Scotland Yard, however, can no longer assume a supercilious air of indifference to the complaints of hiring critics in a querulous Press. It must, indeed, be in a sorry state of decrepitude when even a Committee

saturated with officialism has to pass an adverse judgment upon it. For let this point be kept in view. The natural instinct of officialism is to conduct its investigations so as to make things as pleasant as possible for officials. "You know we have it in our power to hang each other," observes Mr. Peachum to Mr. Lockit, when he begins to compose their quarrel; and in what is termed a "Departmental Inquiry" judges and judged go into it, and come out of it, very much in the spirit which enabled the two old rogues in *The Beggar's Opera* to arrive at a reconciliation. Hence, when Mr. Childers's Committee, from which, in truth, little was expected, report that the police made "a mistake"—in fact, a series of "mistakes"—in leaving the West End of London at the mercy of the roughs on the 8th instant for two hours and a half, the blundering of everybody in authority, directly and indirectly concerned, must have been unusually heinous.

And it certainly was. "It was a mistake," according to the Committee, (1) to make "arrangements" for managing two hostile mass meetings in Trafalgar Square, "which [the arrangements] were most unsatisfactory and defective in conception"; (2) to make no arrangements at all either for finding out where the mob was going, or for controlling it after the meetings were over; (3) to imprison the Vine Street police reserves in Arlington Street when the riot was in progress, instead of detailing a special guard from headquarters for the protection of Lord Salisbury's house in that locality; (4) to assume that, because the mob was from the East End, it would go back by the way it came; (5) to imagine that a mob can be "managed" by a body of police whose chiefs stroll about the scene of action in mufti, and cannot be found by their subordinates when appealed to for orders; (6) to give instructions on which fateful events depend verbally, and not in writing, to "intelligent constables," under the impression that they will be accurately conveyed to those who are to act on them; (7) to have no arrangements for rapidly concentrating a small flying force in police-vans, or otherwise, on any distant point which suddenly became a focus of riot; (8) to let a ravening mob pass on its work of devastation under one's nose unhindered, as the officer in command at Arlington Street did, simply because no orders were given to stop it; (9) to make it nobody's business to watch the crowd, to have no Intelligence Service, and to have "no established system and no recognized regulations for coping with great meetings"; (10) to have no adequate telegraphic or telephonic communication between the police in the streets and Scotland Yard; (11) to have no mounted police to act as reserves or orderlies at mass meetings whose conveners, as in this instance, warned the authorities beforehand there might be rioting. Those eleven "mistakes" are what we get out of the Report when the four and a quarter columns of small type in which it is printed in the daily papers are duly "boiled down." It is true that a twelfth "mistake" is recorded against the police—to wit, that they sent no information about the riot to Mr. Childers till he asked for it—two hours and a half after the affair was over. We do not, however, care to dwell on that, because, as Mr. Childers seems to have been quite as fatuous in his "conception" of police tactics on a critical emergency as the leaders of the police themselves, their neglect to communicate with him need not concern us deeply.

Sir Edmund Henderson's resignation of course very much simplifies the work that lies before those who take in hand the re-organization of Scotland Yard. We have no desire to say a word against this distinguished officer. For seventeen years he has served the public admirably, and his success in diminishing crime in the metropolis, and improving the discipline and morals of the police, entitles him to our lasting gratitude. If some mark of honour could be conferred on him in consideration of these services, we dare say even the sufferers from the recent riots would not begrudge it. But we want, and if London had command of her own police like Glasgow or Birmingham we should have, a great many other resignations sent in beside his. One peculiarity of the metropolitan police is that it is not led by policemen. Of its four responsible heads—Sir Edmund Henderson and his three assistants—only one is a police-officer pure and simple, and he unfortunately is crippled. This gentleman, Mr. Munro, became Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department when it, so to speak, broke up in the hands of Mr. Howard Vincent. We want trained police-officers, and not old soldiers or briefless barristers, at the head of the Metropolitan Police, for of course a competent adjutant, with perhaps a few respectable sergeant-instructors under him, can give all the military service that is necessary. The ideal head of the London police would be somebody like Mr. Jenkinson at Dublin Castle, who, till Mr. Munro's advent on the scene, had usually to be imported on a pinch—a civilian official trained to police duty in the service of India, where civilians insensibly acquire many military virtues, and soldiers, if they have brains, pick up many habits of civil administration. Failing such a man, can we not promote one of the highly efficient and highly experienced chiefs of the provincial police to the London office? The only objection to this plan is that, in a great provincial city like Glasgow or Birmingham, the chief of the police is accustomed to municipal, and not to political, control. When he sees a howling mob looting a shop or a street of shops, he never dreams of thinking what effect his interference may have on the political prospects of the Secretary or Under-Secretary of State at the Home Office, whose seat in the House of Commons may be jeopardised if the democracy are roughly handled by his myrmidons. His only thought is what the alderman or bailie who is his master, and who either owns the shop, or is related to the people who own

the neighbouring shops, will say unless he promptly cracks the skulls of those who are breaking into them. A provincial superintendent of police, for example, would act not in the spirit of the gifted officer who stood manfully at the head of his men in Arlington Street, and let the mob go on in their career of devastation unmolested, because he had no orders to attack them. He would probably act more in the spirit of Inspector Cuthbert, who did not wait for orders when he heard that the rioters were rushing along Oxford Street, but simply sallied forth with sixteen men and put them to flight. Admitting that such sad want of tact may be an insuperable bar to the importation of a provincial officer, such as the gentleman in Birmingham who dealt so scientifically with the roughs the other day when they proposed to pay Mr. Chamberlain's orchids at Highbury an appreciative visit, what then of a military officer?

The sole objection to a military officer is that he would come to Scotland Yard without any Police training. Moreover, as matters stand, when he got there he would only find one official fit to teach him anything worth learning, and that official so heavily burdened with detective work, that he would not have time to teach his chief his duty. Of course there are many military officers who, in spite of their want of special police training, would, by natural aptitude amounting almost to genius, fit themselves in a few days for the post of Chief Commissioner at Scotland Yard. For example, an officer who possesses the peculiar commingling of gifts for civil and military administration that distinguishes Sir Charles Warren might, without any preliminary experience of police duty, do very well. But when we are asked to find an officer with such a unique combination of natural endowments we feel in the position of the young gentleman whose mother told him to go and find a governess for "the girls," who had all the talents, and all the virtues, and all the graces, and all the accomplishments. "My dear mother," said he, "when I find such a lady I shall present her to you not as your servant, but as my wife." In the same way, when we find a soldier who, without special police training, is so singularly gifted by nature that he is fit at a moment's notice to be Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, we should be inclined to present him to the State as a suitable person to hold in reserve for or to take up at once a very much higher and more responsible command. The position in which we are placed is, thus, a very difficult one. Of Sir Edmund Henderson's colleagues only one ought to be retained in office, and he is physically disqualified for the Chief Commissionership. Of most of his subordinates the best use we can make of them is to pension them off. Of those whose services can be retained none are fit for the higher posts. Failing the Indian or provincial services, we therefore do not really know where to look for a man who would be likely to develop into a successful Chief Commissioner, and perhaps that is the reason why Mr. Childers is reported to have begged the Fire Brigade to give him Captain Shaw, and Mr. Morley to lend him Mr. Jenkinson.

#### A LESSON FROM THE COLUMBINE.

A POLITICAL preacher in want of a text  
(Though rarely, indeed,  
By that order of need  
Is the preacher of this generation perplexed)  
Might plausibly choose  
That miraculous cruise  
Of the worthy old dame,  
Betty Mount by name,  
Who contrived, safe and sound, to accomplish the same,  
Lying flat on her back  
In a derelict smack,  
With never a sailor to steer or tack;  
And, drifting away  
By night and by day  
Through a Boreal region  
Of seas Norwegian,  
Touched land at last in a friendly bay.  
  
Yes, he who would wisdom in parable drape  
May with profit perpend that astounding escape;  
For therein to my mind  
Such a moral he'll find  
As appears for our special instruction designed,  
And I think it must strike  
All minds alike  
With a plainness that rivals the staff of the pike,  
That a meaning symbolic, a "point" esoteric,  
Must lurk in this cruise to the land of King Eric.  
  
For, grave as we reckon Elizabeth's plight,  
Yet, nevertheless, we must own that she might,  
In a well-manned craft  
And sound fore and aft,  
Have been possibly put in a place more tight.  
A lunatic skipper, a mutinous crew,  
A "look-out" who sleeps with the land in view,  
A taker of soundings given to fib,  
A steersman who bowses his personal jib,  
More harm than the winds and the waves can do.



And, again, though there may be a hand on the helm,  
 What doubts may the passenger's mind overwhelm!  
     It is seldom that he'll  
     Any confidence feel  
 That no one will "speak to the man at the wheel."  
     And did he suspect  
     That the studied effect  
 Of such speaking would be that the ship should be wrecked,  
 Why surely he'd rather the treacherous knaves  
 Had cast him adrift to the honest waves,  
     And would readily vote  
     That 'twere better to float  
 As the sport of the seas, in a crewless boat.

    Ah! Ship of the State  
     In sorest strait,  
 Fast bound for the rocks of a suicide fate,  
 With thy crew divided 'twixt greed and fear,  
 And that whisperer sly at thy steersman's ear;  
     Good Ship of the State,  
     With thy priceless freight,  
 Which we all have insured at so heavy a rate—  
 Some passengers sick in their bunks below  
 Are painfully rising, and wanting to know  
 If the desperate case of the smack *Columbine*  
 Should not, after all, be preferred to thine.

    And really and truly,  
     On weighing it duly,  
     Myself I find  
     Very much of their mind.  
 I mean that I should not pretend to lament  
     If that grand  
     "Old hand"  
     At the helm  
     Of the realm  
 With his crew at the tail of him overboard went.  
     The good ship's luck  
     Has for centuries stuck  
     To the flag we fly  
     From the mainmast high,  
 And however the vessel may lurch and heel,  
     Though she shudder and reel,  
     From her trucks to her keel,  
 Yet I think on the whole we should easier feel  
     Left alone with the sea,  
     Of our crew set free,  
 And with no "old hand" at the wheel.

## REVIEWS.

## A GERMAN HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.\*

THIS book is a monument of German patience and industry, and, like other great works, it requires in the reader some share of the qualities which have gone to its production. According to the often-quoted remark of Mme. de Staël, Providence in dividing the empire of the world among the several nations reserved to the Germans the kingdom of the air. We should be disposed to say that as regards literature it assigned to them the regions under the earth. German writers have a molelike faculty of groping beneath superficial strata, among the roots and foundations of things. "Well said, old mole; canst work i' the ground so fast? A worthy pioneer," is a phrase of congratulation which we may address to many a German savant. With the industry of the mole he joins occasionally something of its reported blindness, and his speech is occasionally the muffled voice of a fellow in the cellarage. Like the mole's, the course of the German scholar seems often to be marked by the heaps of dust which he throws up. But this is a frivolous view. If we penetrate into his burrows, we find that he has been performing very useful functions in the economy of things, fertilizing the soil and destroying noxious elements. The earthworm, as Mr. Darwin has shown, is probably the most indispensable of creatures, and but for it this world would scarcely be habitable. There is no disrespect therefore in the analogy between subterranean animals and German erudition which we have ventured to suggest. If we may vary the illustration, we should say that German savants are the gnomes of literature and science. They preside over treasures hidden in the bowels of the earth. No German writer with whom we have recently made acquaintance deserves this praise more entirely than Dr. Gneist. "To dig he is not ashamed." He is a sort of Schliemann of the English Constitution, and penetrates to its foundations. There are few English scholars who may not learn much from him. Indeed, it is curious to note how many good writers on the English Constitution have been foreigners. There is the now happily almost forgotten De Lolme, who, however, was very useful in his day. The French writers of the doctrinaire school under the Restoration had probably a better professorial understanding of the English Constitution and Parliamentary system than the majority of their British contemporaries; though,

when they were transported from the Sorbonne to the Chamber of Deputies and departments of State, the power of exposition and the power of practice were seen to be different things. M. Guizot has said that the part of France among European nations is that of an interpreter. No theory or discovery of English or German origin obtains European currency until it has passed through the clarifying medium of French intelligence. We may go a step further than this, and say that the clearness and precision of the French mind are sometimes necessary and often advantageous in interpreting a nation to itself. Royer-Collard, Guizot, Rémusat, and the two Ducs de Broglie had a better knowledge of our English Parliamentary system as it is described and describable in books than was common in their day even in England. They did not know so much as Dr. Gneist does; but they could teach so much more. In their case the half was greater than the whole.

The impression which Dr. Gneist's book, so far as we can judge, very fairly translated, produces on the reader is that of a man buried beneath his materials. He seems throughout these two bulky volumes to be making a series of struggles to get his head at least partially above the mass of facts and documents and authorities which he has collected, and he is only now and then successful. He cannot extricate himself from them and survey them from without, as their master. He is in constant conflict with them, and often in subjection to them. His life appears to have been spent in an attempt to understand the English Constitution and to make it intelligible to his fellow-countrymen. The emotions of respect and sympathy which the spectacle of perseverance in a desperate but laudable effort awakens are thoroughly roused by the narrative of his literary labours which Dr. Gneist gives in his preface. A magistrate and an administrator, he found it impossible to do justice satisfactorily without acquiring "a personal knowledge of the political and social state of Germany, England, and France," and he began to lay siege to the English Constitution, round which he has drawn his lines, varying the leaguer by an occasional attack in force on particular points. In 1849 he took trial by jury by storm. In 1853 he made himself master of the position of classes in England, and the achievement is commemorated in his *Adel und Ritterschaft in England*. Flushed by these successes, he re-connoitred in force the system of English administrative law, of which he gave a history and a "realistic picture" in his *Geschichte und heutige Gestalt der Aemter in England*, which was followed by his *Englisches Verwaltungsrecht*. In 1858 the establishment of constitutional monarchy in Prussia, and the obligation which he felt "to prevent an overhasty imitation of the French model in the arrangement of parishes and districts," led him to compose his *Die englische Communal-Verfassung, oder das System des Self-Government*. All these works have had the practical aim of directing Prussian and German administrative and constitutional reform into safe channels. They have prepared the way for and culminated in the present treatise, in which the English Constitution throws open its gates and surrenders at discretion to its unwearied assailant.

Dr. Gneist boasts that the present work is the only consecutive history of the English Constitution which has ever been written. It occupies a period of a thousand years. It abounds in valuable material, not sufficiently animated by continuous thought to give it the highest historic or political or philosophical worth. We desire less matter with more art. The history is inorganic, recalling sometimes Mr. Carlyle's angry remonstrances with the Prussian Dryasdust and his chaotic ways. Dr. Gneist is not wanting in political sagacity, and many of his reflections are worth heeding. The absence of method is made more conspicuous by the false show of it. The division into periods and chapters is elaborate. But this mechanism of construction makes the work somewhat resemble an unfinished or badly finished house, from which the scaffolding has not been taken down. Dr. Gneist distributes his history into the Anglo-Saxon period (from the year 800 to the year 1066); the Anglo-Norman feudal state (William I., 1066—Henry III., 1272); the period of the growth of the estates of the realm (Edward I., 1272—Richard III., 1485); the age of the Tudors and the Reformation (Henry VII., 1485—Elizabeth, 1603); the Stuarts and the constitutional conflict (James I., 1603—James II., 1688); and the Parliamentary Governments of the eighteenth century (William III. and Mary, 1689—George III., 1820). A short concluding chapter on "The Transition to the Century of Social Reforms and Reform Bills" brings Dr. Gneist and his readers to the time in which we live. Dr. Gneist deals elaborately with the whole mechanism of social and political life in England during all the periods which he surveys—not only with the Church and the State, with the Monarchy and the Parliament, with the Privy Council and the Cabinet, with the courts of law—in a word, with the executive, legislative, and judicial system of England as a whole—but with the organization of the town and the county, local government, and police, and taxation. In spite of Dr. Gneist's minute knowledge and his general carefulness, he falls into a few curious inaccuracies. He does not indeed say that the Crown, the Lords, and the Commons are the three estates of the realm; but he makes the more extraordinary blunder of dividing them into "(1) the estate of the lords spiritual and temporal (whom Dr. Gneist incorrectly, as regards the former, calls spiritual and temporal peers), (2) the estate of the landed knights, and (3) the estate of the freeholders and burgesses," to which Dr. Gneist throws in, as a sort of fourth estate, "the whole of the rest of the community as *infra*

\* *The History of the English Constitution*. By Dr. Rudolph Gneist, Professor of Law at the University of Berlin. Translated by Philip A. Ashworth. 2 vols. London: W. Clowes & Sons.

*classement.* He might as well have included the holy estate of matrimony. The grouping of the lords spiritual and temporal in one estate is in contradiction not only to the facts of English history and the English Constitution, but to the universal usage of European Christendom. Another paradox as glaring is his description of the age of the Tudors as the period of the restoration of constitutional government. No doubt the first two Tudors used Parliamentary forms as the vehicle of despotic rule. But this was the depravation and not the restoration of the Constitution. The period of the Roman Empire might as well be called the restoration of the Republic, because Augustus ruled through Republican magistracies, and Caligula's horse was Consul. A smaller blunder, relating to our own time, as to which in the main Dr. Gneist seems well informed, is his elevation of the office of Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland to the rank of a Principal Secretary of State; but, as this office will cease to exist when Mr. John Morley has quite done with it, the mistake is not of vital importance. Dr. Gneist's book, we may say in conclusion, ought to be on the shelves of every student of our constitutional history in any of its periods, and may occasionally be taken down with good result. To read it continuously would require a more than human—a German effort. The man who preferred the galleys to Guicciardini would probably have preferred, if that choice had been open to him, Guicciardini to Dr. Gneist.

## FIVE NOVELS.\*

THE opening sentence of *The Duke's Marriage* strikes the key-note of the whole book. It is this:—"Gertrude Corrington—'Flirtie,' as many of her kind friends called her—was engaged to marry the French Duc d'Alma." After such a beginning and such a sobriquet, we shall not be surprised to hear a little later in the book that the young lady had "a few human failings," though it is certainly startling to be told that she was "an ordinary English girl." The author intends us to think his heroine a high-minded maiden, in spite of her natural love of admiration and pleasure; yet he tells that "to squeezes of the hand, exchanges of photographs, and stolen kisses she attached little importance; they were the wild flowers which English girls scatter before marriage, and how much more innocuous are they than the wild oats which young men sow at the same season." Without discussing the question as to whose diversions are the most harmless, it will occur to most readers that few Englishmen would reflect with calmness on the fact that either their wives or their sisters had been given to such practices, and still less would they seem admirable or even excusable in the eyes of a Frenchman accustomed to a rigid propriety of demeanour on the part of young girls.

But the author's views of pretty behaviour are hardly less peculiar than his ideas as to the education that prevails among the children of the upper classes. Again and again it is impressed on us that Gertrude owes the good fortune that awaits her to the fluency of her French conversation, and she alone of all the daughters of Albion appears able to express herself with ease in a foreign tongue. "This all comes of your having learned to speak French so well," exclaims her mother on p. 9. "Wasn't I right to give you girls a French governess when you were small?" The excellent Mrs. Corrington apparently imagines that the idea of bestowing a French governess on her daughters is as original as if she had had them taught Japanese, so that one of the girls had justified her foresight by marrying the Mikado. Surely, the puzzled reader thinks to himself, the Duc d'Alma must have been a Frenchman full of the prejudices of his nation and recollections of Waterloo, and must have declined acquaintances among the English till Miss Corrington's attractions proved too much for his principles. But no. "In his frequent visits to England, where he had always stayed at the houses of the richest and noblest of the land, he had been charmed at seeing the freedom allowed to English girls. Unfortunately his luck had never thrown him in the way of any high-born English girl who spoke French to perfection." What salaries French governesses must have been able to command from the ladies of Mayfair who had not been gifted with Mrs. Corrington's prophetic soul, when the engagement of the Duc d'Alma was announced! The Duke, with his position and titles and ancestral Breton castles, must have suffered many things at the hands of his future relations when he went over to visit them previous to his marriage, and it must have taken all his pride in Gertrude's French to prevent his drawing comparisons between them and the unaccomplished ladies of the aristocracy. Gertrude's sister Kate is especially objectionable. She is meant to be sprightly, she is only exceedingly vulgar. She does not scruple to revenge herself on her host at a party for a slight to her sister by saying, "I suppose that ballad describes the feelings which possessed you when Patty Brown, the pastry-cook's daughter, jilted you to marry Mr. Dove the hosier," and then proceeds to expatiate on the subject very "distinctly, so that all the world might hear," and suggests that he has taken to "set

his sprouting whiskers" at her own housemaid. Not that the young man himself is more refined. "There was scarcely a marriageable young lady in the town whom he had not kissed and spooned. They need to flush up sometimes, and cry 'Purkiss, how dare you!' but what more could they say?" We cannot linger over the description of these amazing people, but must hurry on to the end of the story. The breaking out of the Franco-German war puts a stop to the marriage, and after many adventures on both sides the Duke and his fiancée are finally united. The book is sadly wanting in concentration; a whole volume is devoted to life in Brittany, which is in itself the best thing in the novel, only it is quite superfluous. The author has some power of description, and even of character-drawing, but he has apparently very little experience of life and manners. His style, too, is often bad, and the English very clumsy. He uses, for instance, such expressions as "fallen to loggerheads" and "taking a refreshment," and he never can make up his mind whether Mrs. Corrington's name is Eliza or Maria. When he is more careful to put nothing into his book but what is strictly pertinent to his story, and to leave out all kissing and personal retorts, he may some day write a readable novel.

There is a question that frequently puzzles us—how is it that American girls—in books—are so infinitely more attractive on their own side of the Atlantic than on ours? Nothing is pleasanter than to read of that calm, leisurely, prosperous life in the old-fashioned country towns and hill farms, or even for a little to share in the stir and bustle of New York; but when we meet those same young ladies in London or Paris a sense of effort and weariness takes possession of us. *Prudence Palfrey*, however, is a most pleasant acquaintance, and her story in its present form will wile away the fatigue of many travellers. The book is an example of good story-telling. Mr. Aldrich has resisted the temptation to make a study of life in the little seaside town of New Hampshire, and has confined himself entirely to the affairs of Prudence Palfrey, the adopted daughter of Mr. Ralph Dent. Though she never leaves her birthplace for a single day in search of adventure, her life is by no means barren of incident. The account of her lover John Dent's gold hunt in Montana is as true to the perils of those regions as anything Mr. Bret Harte has told us, though it is not given in as picturesque a way. Again, the opening chapter giving an account of the deputation to old Parson Hawkins, requesting him to resign his office in favour of a younger man, is natural and pathetic, and brings the thoughts back to men we must all have known, whose grim theology is at variance with their charitable lives, and who have resolved to die in harness without seeing that the harness has grown too big for them. Humour there is, too, in plenty, as in the description of the sensation made by the arrival of the new minister at Rivermouth; "if he had been a centipede, he could not have worn out the slippers under four years, wearing them day and night. If he had been a hydra, he could not have made head against the study caps for a lifetime. Briareus would have lacked hands to hold the paper-cutters." Whom Prudence married, and the end of it all, we will not disclose, and the best of it is, we are quite sure no one will guess the crowning event of the story, not even the most veteran novel-reader.

Mr. Gallenga calls his story "a tale without a murder"; so it is, but it is also without a great many other things that go to make up a good novel. A celebrated author of the present day, who has lived most of his life on this side of the Atlantic, was once asked why he never wrote stories about English people. He answered, Because he did not feel he knew enough about them. It is a pity that Mr. Gallenga did not imitate this wise reticence. He makes his English gentlemen and ladies talk and act as if they were contemporaries and fellow-citizens of Romeo and Juliet. The hero—if any one so shadowy can be called so—is one Percy Elmsley, heir to an earldom, and already possessor of a fine estate. The heroine, Jenny Jennett, is an American girl of seventeen, who from her resemblance to the Madonna di San Sisto is usually alluded to as "the little Madonna." Indeed, on one occasion, when she is going up in the hotel lift, she is compared to the Madonna in her shrine. The two are brought together by the overturning of the Jennetts' posting carriage near the Elmsleys' park, and Percy being at hand, comes to the rescue, and begs the Jennetts to accompany him up to the house to have tea with his mother; and, finally—for it was late on Saturday afternoon—to remain over Sunday. This once settled, matters proceed rapidly. No sooner have they finished tea and gone out on the terrace, than Percy becomes suddenly aware of Jenny's beauty. "It was as much as he could do to resist an impulse to clasp her to his heart and claim her as his own." Every reader will wish he had not "mastered his emotion," the scene would have been so funny, and the astonishment of the elders so great; but very soon his emotion gets the better of him again. He straightway conducts Jenny for a walk in the woods, and, in the words of Mr. Calverley, they "prowl by a misty pond." Here nothing occurs to him to say but "Be mine," yet he does not say it, "though there might have been no horror or displeasure, or perhaps even surprise, on the part of the girl had the words been spoken." Yet a third time that evening "he is firmly determined to speak out"; but on this occasion his mother interposes, and takes care that the young people shall not be left alone the whole of Sunday. But, in spite of all her vigilance, Percy manages to give Jenny a cameo with a head of Lord Byron engraved on it. One would have thought it was even more difficult to do this unseen than

\* *The Duke's Marriage*. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

*Prudence Palfrey*. A Novel. By T. B. Aldrich. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

*Jenny Jennett*. By A. Gallenga. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1886.

*Hilda Egerton*. By E. G. Wolrige. Bevington.

*Muriel*. By Adeline Edwards. Bevington. 1886.



to say "Be mine." However, the fact seems to be otherwise. The Jennetts take their departure on Monday morning, and are driven to the station by Percy, with "his darling girl's parents sitting behind in the front seat" (whatever that may mean), and these two ardent souls do not meet again till two years have elapsed. During these years Jenny has lived both in Paris and in Rome, and, of course—like every other American girl—is the centre of a crowd of adorers. When she meets Percy again, it is in company with his aunt Lady Elmsley and his cousin Lady Constance. This Lady Constance was the fiancée of his dead brother, alluded to in different places as "Kennett," or "Douglas," and by a family arrangement is now supposed to be the destined bride of Percy Elmsley. Jenny is at once taken up by Lady Constance, who is otherwise described as a woman of sense; she grasps the state of affairs in a moment, and nobly resolves "to throw dust in the eyes of the world, and especially into Lady Elmsley's eyes," by pretending an engagement, under cover of which Percy makes love to Jenny. Meanwhile Lady Constance herself addresses Jenny in terms that would not discredit a case for breach of promise. She calls her "My darling," "my little bird," "my own little Jenny," and upon the smallest provocation "kisses off the tears from her face," and takes her on her knee. After this we are less astonished at the way Jenny receives some promiscuous endearments of Percy. Why, by the way, this young man, who had been so ready to say "Be mine" on half an hour's acquaintance, should have deferred his proposal after many weeks' close intimacy, is not apparent. However, he cannot be accused of letting the delay make any difference to his behaviour. In the scene referred to, Jenny is greatly pleased at his calling her by her name, and he confesses—still in the style of the breach of promise case—that at their first meeting he may have called her "darling child." Immediately upon this confession he gives her a singular and, as far as we know, quite unique form of caress. "He took hold of the girl's arm with his left hand, and ran down all its length with the right, till he reached the girl's hand, which he pressed vehemently," and then he called her "dearest." He goes no further, however—perhaps it may hardly be considered necessary—but tells his cousin that a proposal "will come by-and-bye." As a preliminary he goes to a ball a few days later, catches "his trembling yet unresisting Madonna to his bosom, and held her strongly clasped while he glued his lips to her pouting mouth." Even after this very uninviting embrace, it requires nothing less than a wound in a duel to drive him to behave like a gentleman. We have said enough to show the nature of this very silly story, and it might assist Mr. Gallenga in his future ventures if we were to point out a few errors in style. It is not the custom, for instance, to spell "chaperon" with an "e," or rather it is, but it is not correct. But these would be small blemishes did Mr. Gallenga give us anything to make up for them. Unluckily he does not.

*Hilda Egerton* is a tiresome story about a tiresome girl. Her mother wants her to go into society; Hilda objects from conscientious motives, and takes counsel with a friend, who answers her in this wise:—

There are, of course, two ways in which one can go into society; take for the first, when people rush headlong into the giddy vortex of Vanity Fair, seeking madly for pleasure at all costs, and caring little as long as their aim in life is attained, which I fear is often only admiration, love, and fashion of dress, dissipating *causui* and all serious thought and care.

This is only the beginning of her speech, but the remainder can be judged both as to manner and matter by this specimen. The young-lady questioner, described later as "quite *distingue* looking," who accepts these words of wisdom, marries a gentleman quite worthy of her, who remarks one day to five or six people, "I do hold in contempt a bigot who persistently and obstinately rejects belief in the goodness of any views but his own, and condemns the unfortunate world around him not holding the same to the miseries of everlasting punishment. Sad to say, there are some such men, who can even mingle freely with their fellow-creatures, and see and hear varieties of opinions and characters, and still remain obdurate and hardened to the belief in their good, all because they differ from themselves." The rest of the people are all to match. They discuss the "Psalm of Life" and the "Chameleon" as if they were the last new poems, and seem to consider it quite natural that a child of four or five should talk Pigeon English. Let us hope that Miss Wolrige will either learn to write very differently or else abandon literature altogether.

*Muriel* is a harmless little tale without anything to call either for approval or condemnation.

#### BULLEN'S MIDDLETON.\*

SINCE we noticed the first half of Mr. Bullen's edition of Middleton last June, he has added considerably to his credit with students of the Elizabethan drama. He has completed his very remarkable privately-printed collection of old plays, giving sixteen pieces practically unknown, and six of them actually unprinted; he has promised, also in the subscription form, the works of Davenport, Nabbes, and William Rowley—minor stars, certainly, but stars by no means deserving to be left in the blackness of darkness in which they are at present involved—and he has now finished his issue of by far the most valuable and remarkable of

those dramatists whose works have hitherto been difficult to obtain as a whole, the author of *The Changeling* and *Women Beware Women*. For our parts, as we have more than once taken occasion to remark, we hold the man who gives texts, not before easily accessible, in a handsome and convenient form to be ten times worthier as a member of the corporation of letters than the man who is perpetually pottering over questions of authorship, and drawing up rhyme-tests, and tormenting half the country clergymen in England to know whether this poet's great-grandmother married that poet's uncle's father-in-law. The possession of the text, and perhaps (for let us not forget to magnify our own office) of good literary comment on the text, is what is really worth something; the rest is, if not all, yet in great part, literary leather and prunella. And while we are on this subject let us repeat a suggestion we made some time ago that Mr. Bullen should induce Mr. Nimmo, or some other publisher, to let him reproduce all the pseudo-Shakspearian plays, according to the most liberal canon of that apocrypha, in a handsome and convenient form. We are aware that such a collection is appearing in Germany. But it is going on at a snail's pace (in three years only *Faure Em* and *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* have appeared), and it is overweighted with otiose *apparatus criticus*. However, this is a digression from Middleton.

The four completing volumes of that poet's work which are before us are not entirely occupied with poetry, or even with drama. The last contains divers specimens of what may be called the pamphlet-journalism of the time—the miscellaneous pieces in verse and prose which formed the ordinary hackwork of Elizabethan and Jacobean men of letters. We may perhaps take another opportunity to speak generally of this hackwork, which some recent publications (especially Dr. Grosart's) have made accessible to the student as it never has been before. But in Middleton's special case its interest is so far inferior to that of his drama that it needs little notice. So, too, the masques and entertainments which partly fill the seventh volume, and which Middleton composed in whole or in part as official or semi-official furnisher of such things to the City of London, rather belong to the whole subject of such work than to the subject of his special performance. There remains, however, the whole of two volumes and part of a third containing purely dramatic work, and among it the very best work that Middleton ever did. And this we may proceed to examine.

The play which opens the fifth volume, *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, is of the class to which the majority of Middleton's plays belong, the class of citizen-humour comedy. Indeed, not a few of the humours (as Shadwell would have said) are directly repeated from his earlier or in his later work. In language and situations it is one of the least decorous of its author's works, and one particularly disagreeable character of the time—a character which, like other such, has been very remarkably avoided by Shakspeare—the wittol-cuckold who makes a profit of his own and his wife's dishonour, has here his masterpiece in Allwit. The play, like many others of the time (but again not like Shakspeare's), surprises the modern reader by the apparent carelessness with which reputable and disreputable characters herd together. The rascality of Allwit and his wife is perfectly well known, as well as its consummation in their shameless ingratitude towards the profligate spendthrift on whom they have lived so long. Yet they figure in the final scene of wedding and other festivities as welcome and honoured guests. The play is full of amusement and very well written, while the fashion in which its plot works out is in marked contrast, as regards neatness of draughtsmanship, with those plays in which Middleton left the comic underplot to Rowley. The piece which follows, *The Widow*, is chiefly remarkable because of the distinguished collaborators, Jonson and Fletcher, who are assigned to Middleton on the title-page. It was, however, never printed till long after the death of all three; the attribution of any share to Jonson and Fletcher seems to have been early disputed, and we quite agree with Mr. Bullen that there is no internal evidence to show any hand but Middleton's. We may add that there is no internal evidence to show Middleton at his best. *Anything for a Quiet Life* brings us back to his characteristic style of comedy when he wrote alone, and is a capital play, despite the scoundrelism of Knavesby, a would-be Allwit with a wife too good for him. Then comes the famous *Witch*, which has supplied some of the most remarkable instances of critical oddity in existence. The intelligent reader who goes calmly through it, and then remembers that other presumably intelligent readers have doubted whether Shakspeare did not imitate it, or whether Middleton had not a hand in *Macbeth*, must wonder not a little. It is perfectly true that the witch part of the play has in itself very great merit. Middleton has taken more pains to work out the full popular conception of the witch character than Shakspeare, who probably did not care to do so. But the play, as a whole, is a mere muddle, as is usual with Middleton (in strange contrast to the workmanlike fashion of his pure comedies) when he tries to mix the styles either with his own pen or by calling in others. In common sense as well as in poetical justice the catastrophe (where the bewitched person is punished and the unworthy lover who has purchased Hecate's aid is rewarded by a most improbable turn of affairs) is all wrong. The lugging in of the story of Rosmunda and the skull is extraordinarily awkward, and the comic or tragicomic scenes are dull and unnatural. There is some wit in the light-o'-love Franceses, but interest in her is quickly destroyed by her ill nature and shamelessness, and by the introduction of the cowardly and stupid cox-

\* *The Works of Thomas Middleton*. Vols. IV. to VIII. Edited by A. H. Bullen. London: Nimmo. 1886.

comb on whom, without any apparent reason except that he made her handsome presents, she, a girl of beauty and family who might marry where she pleases, has thrown away her honour.

Very different are three of the four plays (the fourth, *More Dissemblers besides Women*, is a fair specimen of Middleton's ordinary style) which fill vol. vi. The tragic part of *The Changeling* is one of the few things not generally known, and highly praised by the few who do know them, that can disappoint no one who has any taste for literature. Mr. Bullen, contrary to the wont of most editors, but following the more excellent way, confines his praise almost wholly to the single dialogue between Beatrice and De Flores, when the latter, hired by Beatrice to murder her lover that she may marry elsewhere, ruthlessly and successfully demands an undreamt-of guerdon. But the whole parts of these two characters deserve the very highest praise. Printed (as by a strange chance all Middleton's best plays were) years after his death and in that dead season when the very art and mystery of blank verse had been lost, the text is in very bad condition. But even the obvious text-errors of a bad acting copy cannot spoil the poetry of these scenes, while their dramatic value remains quite unharmed. Beatrice—a specimen of the Southern type of girl as conceived by all our dramatists from Shakspeare downward, prone to violent love and hate, and rapid in her changes of both—is already pledged to Alonso de Piracquo when she sees and falls in love with a new-comer, Alsemero. She muses how to be rid of Alonso, and a certain "honest De Flores," an ill-favoured gentleman of her father's whom she has hitherto treated with special contumely, suggests himself. She tempts him, and he consents, the nature of his reward being, partly by his cunning and her oversight, left unsettled. De Flores murders Alonso, and then comes the great scene so justly praised. But the excellence of the horror does not cease here. Alsemero has the minute jealousy of a Spaniard of his time, and Beatrice has to study how to conceal from him the price she has had to pay. It is managed by the old device, familiar to fabliau-writers of all ages, of substituting her waiting-maid, Diaphanta, on the critical occasion. But the substitute plays her part too zealously, and discovery is feared. Once more De Flores comes to his mistress's rescue, and another murder—that of the luckless Diaphanta—saves Beatrice for the time. But Alonso's brother is already on the track of the murderer, and finally Beatrice is forced to confess. De Flores, stubborn to the last, is confronted with her in private, and stabs her and himself. His part throughout is wonderfully good, being the only following, and that a very independent one, of Iago on the English stage which has any real merit. Single touches, such as the short aside, "Already my De Flores!" when the haughty mistress, who has never met him hitherto without a gesture or word of loathing, begins her caresses before tempting him, and the quick dexterity with which he turns Tomas de Piracquo's suspicious violence, are quite Shakspearian. So are also (whether Shakspeare can or cannot be conceived as choosing the subject) the scene of Beatrice's surrender, and that, the boldest of all, where Beatrice and De Flores wait outside the bridal-chamber planning fresh murder for the tardy Diaphanta. The blending of ferocity and tenderness on the lover's part, and of hatred and enforced admiration for his tremendous "strength" on Beatrice's, has hardly a parallel elsewhere. Even the touches of levity and greed, as well as want of care for her mistress's reputation, which prevent the reader from feeling too much sympathy for Diaphanta herself, are masterly. But, as so frequently happens with Middleton, all the rest of the play is nought. The comic part, which gives the name, is singularly feeble, the minor characters, except the luckless Alonso, who has a certain attractive confidence and guilelessness, are sticks, and the winding up after De Flores's last murder and his suicide is an almost appalling anti-climax.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the agreeable tragi-comedy of the *Spanish Gipsy* which follows, and of Middleton's masterpiece, as a whole, *Women Beware Women*, which follows that. But Lamb and Hazlitt have dealt with the latter at sufficient length to make it better known than most of its author's work. There is nothing in it which has the tragic grandeur of the Beatrice and De Flores scenes in *The Changeling*, but the play, as a whole, is much superior. Yet the reader hardly feels, as he does at De Flores's last stab, that nothing will do after that, and that he must leave reading for a time in order to cool down. The one play in the seventh volume which demands mention, *A Game at Chess*, is chiefly interesting because of its odd machinery (the characters are all named after the chief pieces), and because of the trouble into which it brought its author, as a violent attack on Spain and on the Church of Rome. It is full of historical references, and from that point of view deserves, perhaps, comment at length. Its satire on current personages and events makes it not unattractive even as literature, and its popularity during the nine days in which it was allowed to be acted before Gondomar procured its suppression was such that the total receipts are said to have amounted to the then enormous sum of fifteen hundred pounds.

In conclusion, we have to note that Mr. Bullen has corrected a slight slip which we pointed out to him in his description of one of the personages in the earlier volumes, and to repeat another suggestion which we made, and which of course he could not adopt in reference to this author. The suggestion (which has since been endorsed by Professor Minto) is that anything in the nature of argument or description or criticism of each play should be prefixed to the several pieces, and not included in the general prefatory notice. It is anything but convenient to have to refer back

to vol. i. at the beginning of each new play, and sometimes in the course of reading each. For the rest, the editing of these volumes is satisfactory and their production very handsome, a facsimile being, among other things, given of the curious title-page of *A Game at Chess*.

#### FOUR MEDICAL BOOKS.\*

LITTLE more than a year ago it was our pleasing duty to make some comments upon a *Treatise on the Continued Fevers of Great Britain*, by the late Dr. Murchison. We have now to commend to the notice of our readers the third edition of *Clinical Lectures on Diseases of the Liver* by the same author. We think the fact of a man's having produced two standard works on such different subjects proof of intellectual capacity of a very high order, and the issue of new editions of both after his death a noble tribute to his memory. When we add that, during his comparatively short life, he occupied the Chair of Chemistry at one medical school and of Botany at another, held the office of physician at several hospitals, and yet found time for the arduous duties of a large consulting practice, it will be readily admitted that Charles Murchison was no ordinary man.

The liver, like other noted offenders, is often credited with being the cause of mischief arising from other sources. With the laity, whose ignorance of physiology is usually profound, this is not surprising. We fear, moreover, that, even among the members of the medical profession, the terms "bilious attack" and "disordered liver" are sometimes used to avoid the trouble of a more exact diagnosis, or to conceal the inability to form one. When, however, the cases are eliminated in which some other organ is mainly responsible for the unhealthy conditions, structural and functional diseases of the liver will still be found to lie at the root of a vast amount of human suffering. That this is the case may be fairly inferred from the circumstance that such a conscientious clinical observer and practised teacher as the late Dr. Murchison has given us nearly seven hundred pages of carefully written matter on diseases of the liver, while stating in his first preface that the object of his lectures is "not to set forth a complete account of the diseases of which they treat, but rather to put prominently forward the characters on which their diagnosis is based, and in particular to point out the diagnostic import of those signs and symptoms . . . which are common to many different hepatic disorders, but the precise cause of which is often unrecognized."

The first seven lectures are devoted to the consideration of enlargements of the liver, the clinical characters by which their nature may be determined, and the treatment which should be prescribed for their cure, or, where this is impossible, the means which may be adopted for palliating the distress caused by them. Lecture VIII. treats of simulated and true contractions of the liver. Lectures IX., X., and XI. are on the subject of jaundice. The various morbid conditions which may be mistaken for it are described, and the symptoms by which true jaundice may be recognized are pointed out. The diseases which may produce jaundice by mechanically obstructing the bile-duct are very fully discussed, numerous typical cases being given. The diseased states giving rise to jaundice, where no mechanical impediment to the outflow of bile exists, are described and illustrated by cases. Fluid in the peritoneum, hepatic pain, gall-stones, and enlargement of the gall-bladder are the subjects of Lectures XII. and XIII. The last three lectures constitute the Croonian Course, delivered before the College of Physicians in 1874. They treat of the functional derangement as distinguished from the structural alterations of the liver. They are of great interest to the practitioner of medicine, as he must frequently be called upon to attend those whose ill-health is due to affections of this kind.

Deputy Surgeon-General Bellew's opportunities for studying the natural history of cholera have been exceptionally great, and, whether his conclusions as to the ultimate cause of cholera be accepted or not, his views must be looked upon with respect, and his book may be read with much profit by all who are interested in the subject. A brief notice of the conditions favourable to the development of cholera will give our readers some idea of the data from which the author draws his deductions; but careful reading of the "History" itself would be necessary to enable them to form a judicial opinion of their value. The state of soil giving rise to sudden and extensive evaporation is that which is propitious to the prevalence of cholera. This state occurs in areas which are usually waterlogged when the excess of water is drained away and the soil begins to dry, and in areas which are usually arid when heavy rainfall moistens the soil; the result in either case being the exposure of a large surface for evaporation. A high temperature acting upon soil in the above-mentioned condition, especially when there is no wind, produces excessive

\* *Clinical Lectures on Diseases of the Liver*. By Charles Murchison, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. Third edition. Edited by F. Lauder Brunton and Sir Joseph Fayrer. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

*The History of Cholera in India from 1862 to 1881*. By Deputy Surgeon-General Bellew, C.S.I. London: Trübner & Co.

*The Insane in the United States and Canada*. By D. Hack Tuke, M.D., LL.D. London: H. K. Lewis.

*History of Homœopathy*. By Wilhelm Amehe, M.D. Translated by Alfred E. Drysdale, M.B. Edited by R. E. Dudgeon, M.D. London: Gould & Son.



humidity of the atmosphere, with great difference between the day and night temperature and much liability to "chills." Statistics show that in the districts of Bengal, Burmah, Madras, and Bombay, the soil of which is waterlogged, cholera is most prevalent before and after the rains; whilst in the territories of the Deccan, Berar, &c., the soil of which is dry, its ravages are greatest during the rainfall. At these periods there are also little understood changes in the electrical condition of the atmosphere and the amount of ozone present in it. Whether an individual is able to resist the pernicious effect of these climatic disturbances will depend upon the amount of his exposure to them and the state of his health. Those reduced by insufficient diet on the one hand, especially if not protected by suitable clothing, and those debilitated by any kind of excess or disordered by injudicious diet on the other hand, are particularly liable to suffer from the unfavourable climatic conditions previously described. The author is of opinion that cholera is not due to poisoning by any specific virus, and consequently is not ordinarily contagious, though he admits that, under certain circumstances, it is possible for it to be "catching," and "may be communicable from one individual to another by means of undue overcrowding of the affected and free together"; but that if it exists, "the cholera virus is of an extremely evanescent nature," and does not appreciably affect "the ordinary prevalence of cholera in its regular seasonal manifestations of activity." He believes cholera to be "simply an influenza or catarrh of the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal" due to derangement of the functions of the lungs and skin by unfavourable weather influences. On this hypothesis cases of sudden attack, occurring in persons previously in good health and proving fatal in a few hours, appear to us difficult of explanation. They seem to be analogous to cases observed during epidemics of contagious diseases, such as small-pox and scarlatina, in which the patient is rapidly struck down and overwhelmed by the intensity of action of the poison. Mr. Bellew attributes the whole class of malarious fevers to injurious weather influences, and rejects the commonly accepted theory of their being produced by a miasmatic poison emanating from the soil.

Dr. Tuke begins his little book on *The Insane in the United States and Canada* with a sketch of the life of Dr. Benjamin Rush, an excellent portrait of whom is prefixed. Many of Dr. Rush's methods of treating both the sane and insane who came under his care would now be looked upon as barbarous, but this cannot fairly be considered discreditable to him, as it is not to be expected that the opinions, even of a talented man, should be a century in advance of those of his contemporaries. His life, which terminated in 1813, was devoted to unceasing labour in his profession, though not to the exclusion of work in other directions, he having performed the duties of a member of Congress, President of the Society for the Abolition of Slavery, and Treasurer to the United States Mint. The author next gives a brief history of the management of the insane in the United States from 1752 to 1876, showing that the treatment of these unfortunates became more humane in proportion to the recognition of their condition as one of disease. When the idea of some kind of "possession" faded out of men's minds, the cruelties practised upon lunatics rapidly diminished in number until, at the present time, even the mildest forms of mechanical restraint are but rarely used. The stringency of the law relating to the admission of patients to asylums varies greatly in the different States. In Connecticut the request for admission of a private patient is signed by a guardian, near relative, or friend, and this need only be supported by a simple certificate from one physician, sworn to before an officer authorized to administer oaths. Regulations going to the opposite extreme are in force in Illinois, where no patient can be placed in an asylum except after trial by jury. The former of these plans does not afford sufficient security against wrongful deprivation of liberty, whereas the latter involves the cruelty of dragging an unhappy lunatic into open court and subjecting him to a public examination, a proceeding which must be most distressing to the friends of the insane person and frequently productive of great injury to himself. The inspection of establishments for the insane is carried on by the unpaid, and generally non-medical, members of the State Boards of charities. For details with reference to the construction and management of the asylums, in the States and Canada, visited by Dr. Tuke, we must refer our readers to his book.

We opened the *History of Homœopathy* in the hope of finding in it a readable and connected account of the development of the doctrines peculiar to Hahnemann and his disciples. We were much disappointed to find that it consisted principally of a number of quotations from the works of various authors strung together in a somewhat loose and disconnected manner. We gather from Dr. Amehe's book that Hahnemann was an able chemist and an acute clinical observer. He did much good by opposing the routine practice of blood-letting and purging, which had become very general. He was, with justice, intolerant of systems of medicine built upon speculative and improved theories, and clearly pointed out that the majority of physicians were in the habit of trusting very unduly to "authority" instead of investigating disease for themselves. He also drew attention to the cumbrous and unscientific nature of many of the prescriptions in common use.

Having accomplished much work in the directions we have mentioned, he appears to us to have become the slave of theories as baseless and untenable as those which he had assisted to refute. As an example of this, we give the following quotation from Dudgeon's translation of Hahnemann's *Organon*:—"Diseases depend upon no substance, no acridity, that is upon no *materies morbi*,

but they are solely spiritual derangements of the spiritual vital force which animates the human body." This is theorizing with a vengeance! To those whose faith enables them to believe this extraordinary dogma it may be possible to accept also the "astounding fact" that medicines which have been so diluted that neither physics nor chemistry can discover any medicinal substance in them may still possess great healing power. The admission of these two principles would render anything that could be properly called a *science* of medicine impossible, denying as they do the subjection of the human body to the laws which govern other forms of matter. Hahnemann's doctrine of "*Similia similibus curantur*" is founded on the extremely vague theory that "Every disease is due to some abnormal irritation of a peculiar character, which deranges the functions and healthy state of our organs"; and he further states that, to cure the disease, it is only necessary "to oppose to the existing abnormal irritation an appropriate medicine—that is to say, another morbid power whose effect is very similar to that the disease displays." It would be more consonant with common sense to endeavour to discover the cause of the abnormal irritation, and, if possible, remove it.

With reference to the administration of medicines it must be remembered that our knowledge of their action is almost entirely empirical, the result of experience, and not arrived at by *a priori* reasoning. This being the case, there can be no objection to the use of a mixture of drugs which has proved more effectual than any single one.

#### CROOM ROBERTSON'S HOBBS.

HOBBS stands at the head of an eminently British line of thinkers; the goodly share of Scotland in it forbids us to say English, although the term "Scottish philosophy" has been appropriated by the usage of the schools to a wholly different sort of thinking. Sir William Molesworth was eminent among the group known as philosophical Radicals fifty years ago, when Radicalism had not yet abjured rationalism and gone (let the reader who knows his Psalter supply the word that we may not write and will not soften) after inventions of enthusiasm. To Molesworth we owe the standard collected edition of Hobbes's works, "though something more might have been done by editorial care," says Mr. Croom Robertson, "for the text of the stately volumes." From Grote, the friend and colleague of Molesworth, came the first suggestion of that which Molesworth executed, and Grote founded the chair of philosophy at University College, London, which is now held by Mr. Croom Robertson. In virtue of his office, therefore, Mr. Croom Robertson is as appropriate an expounder of Hobbes as can be. Proof of his personal competence to deal with the subject has already been given by the article on Hobbes in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Working this time within larger bounds, though still not of his own measuring, according to the method now fashionable of offering instruction to the public in doses of uniform appearance, he gives us a lucid and workmanlike handbook which will be the natural guide of apprentices in philosophy or the theory of politics who seek acquaintance with Hobbes, and which riper students will find by no means superfluous.

Such a work may seem in one way less needful than it did when it was first planned. Molesworth's edition of Hobbes was beyond the means of ordinary readers; the old ones, though not properly scarce books, were becoming less easy to meet with, and rising in price. An every-day student of philosophy or politics, not being either rich or a book-hunter, could not expect to read Hobbes in his own copy. The case is now very different. Thanks to the energy and judgment of Mr. Croom Robertson's colleague, Mr. Henry Morley, and the enterprise of his publishers, Hobbes's masterpiece, the *Leviathan*, is accessible in a convenient form to every one who can afford to possess any books at all. This at first sight makes the demand for a book about Hobbes less pressing. But, in truth, it makes a book like Mr. Croom Robertson's only the more opportune and useful; when the author's design is to supply a companion to first-hand study, not a substitute for it, everything that increases the facilities for such study will improve his opportunities. And this book, we rejoice to note, is so ordered as to make things very difficult for the seekers after second-hand familiarity. It is careful even to austerity in avoidance of portable dogmatic summaries and telling extracts. We are duly and sufficiently introduced to Hobbes the philosopher; Hobbes the master of English prose is not neglected or overlooked, but taken for granted. We are plainly told that "no attempt has been made to give an adequate representation of Hobbes as a writer," and that with set purpose, "because it was thought that this was least of all necessary." In other words, those who read Hobbes's English for themselves have no need of specimens or illustrations, and others do not deserve them. It is most true that "Not from *Leviathan* only, though most readily, perhaps, from that masterpiece, whole pages might be made up of bright and pithy sayings that strike the understanding with unerring effect." No historical epigram, to take one pretty well-known example, can surpass the description of the Papacy as "the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof." But the temptation to cite this and that brilliant fragment has been resisted; so that, while the honest student

\* *Hobbes*. By George Croom Robertson. (In "Philosophical Classics for English Readers" Series.) Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1886.

will get much aid and comfort every way from Mr. Croom Robertson, the tribe of dabblers and crammers will get very little. Certainly we can suppose literary digressions that would be justified and interesting. It would be tempting to discuss how a man with Hobbes's mastery of language came to persuade himself that Davenant's *Gondibert* was the finest English poem ever produced, and to demonstrate the same in an exceeding pedantic epistle; an incident which Mr. Croom Robertson, whether by way of pious euphemism or for want of space, has stowed away in an inconspicuous foot-note. But this would make us none the wiser concerning Hobbes the philosopher.

Mr. Croom Robertson shows us how it was Hobbes's aim to construct nothing less than a complete system of philosophy—natural, moral, and political—as he understood its legitimate sphere, and how the turn of events, almost before the plan was laid down in the author's conception, determined that prevalence of the political division which we find in Hobbes's works as they stand. It was to be expected that a writer whose own main interest is in psychology should strive to redress the balance on that side. As for Hobbes's physics and geometry, Mr. Croom Robertson frankly abandons them as the exercises of a powerful intellect in uncongenial matter and without adequate preparation. We do not say that he makes too much of the psychology, but we are not sure that he gives quite enough weight to the politics. There is no great reason to suppose that without Hobbes the English school of psychology would have been visibly different from what it has been and is. He stands among the precursors as a figure of historical interest, but not as a thinker of vital influence. With his political doctrine it is otherwise. The *Leviathan* is his real title to immortality. There he struck out vital ideas which, though liable to qualification, and cherished by himself for the sake of erroneous applications, cannot be dispensed with or superseded. His proofs that the King of England is, and of right ought to be, an absolute monarch, more fully worked out in *Behemoth* and the *Dialogue of the Common Laws of England* than in *Leviathan*, are a curious mixture of brilliance and perversity. His genesis of civil society by an original covenant is at best an analytic feat masquerading as an historic fiction. But his conception of sovereignty and the authority of the civil power, as laid down in the *Leviathan*, is nothing less than a corner-stone of the science of politics.

What is more, we believe that even without the Civil War the bent of Hobbes's genius must have led him the same way. His anti-democratic and anti-academic bias dated from the very beginning of his independent study. Thucydides, he tells us, was his favourite author for that reason; he read many historians:—

Sed mihi præ reliquis Thucydides placuit.  
Is Democratia ostendit mihi quam sit inepta,  
Et quantum cætu plus sapit unus homo.  
Hunc ego scriptorem verti, qui diceret Anglis  
Consultatarii rhetoras ut fugerent.

These lines, by the way, are for both harmony and Latinity rather above the average of the "Vita carmine expressa," which is not a first-rate specimen of seventeenth-century verse-writing. Hobbes's most learned contemporaries committed metrical and other errors which nowadays are not tolerated at any public school; but many of them could have done better than this. Complaints have been made by some who have worked to restore Hobbes to his due place against other modern publicists who have called Hobbes an apologist of tyranny. Whether we apply that term to the absolute government of King Charles I. is a matter of taste; but it is quite certain that Hobbes was not merely an apologist of the absolute government of King Charles I., but its thorough-going champion. We can easily see now that, given the conception of absolute legal sovereignty, it remains a question of fact where that sovereignty resides in a given form of government. Since Blackstone formulated the true answer it has been impossible for any English lawyer or publicist to doubt that in this country the legal bearer of sovereign power, or, in Hobbes's phrase, "the person of the Commonwealth," is not the Crown alone, but Parliament. And before Hobbes the same truth had been distinctly perceived and expressed by Sir Thomas Smith. Hobbes, however, either overlooked or wilfully ignored the consideration that the compound body of King, Lords, and Commons could be as real and as complete a sovereign authority as either a single man or a single council or assembly. As he never shrank from pushing his argument to the extreme conclusion of justifying Charles I.'s pretensions bodily, which moderate Royalists of the school of Falkland and Clarendon were very far from doing, so his zeal was not altogether opportune or acceptable to the friends and counsellors of Charles II. Add to this his open warfare against ecclesiastical jurisdiction and claims in every form, and it is more than intelligible how and why Hobbes, for a century or more, commonly passed for a sort of atheist. Political tradition dies hard, and it was only natural that Hallam should still read Hobbes with the eyes of a Revolution Whig. It is significant that Cowley's panegyric ode "To Mr. Hobs," while in general terms it puts Hobbes on a level with Aristotle, avoids all mention of his political theories. The relation of Locke to Hobbes is ambiguous, and a matter of impression rather than demonstration. Our own impression is that the author of the "Essay concerning the true original, extent, and end of Civil Government" had studied the *Leviathan* much more carefully and seriously than he chose to admit.

Mr. Croom Robertson gives a just and sufficient report of the

miscellaneous controversies, theological and philosophical, which filled the latter part of Hobbes's life. With the exception of the unfortunate encounter with Wallis—and that also has its curiosity as showing the vagaries of a great mind—they are still capable of affording good entertainment to the reader who has leisure to bestow on them.

#### NINETEEN BOOKS ON DIVINITY.\*

MR. HERBERT SPENCER is at home in the discussion of the origin, features, and tendencies of ecclesiastical institutions. His vast learning and his appalling array of authorities command respect, and the reader, after making allowance for his many and curious obliquities of vision, finds it hard to deny that *ab hoste doceri* is sometimes a wholesome experience, if not a pleasant one. But an examination of the characteristics of institutions is a process differing in kind from an inquiry into the origin of religious belief, a task for the performance of which Mr. Spencer does not appear to possess the first essential requisite. His chapter on the "Religious Idea" shows him to be without the faculty of spiritual perception: he stumbles and misunderstands where men of a hundredth part of his learning and cleverness can see and go straight. He is satisfied that the religious ideas of civilized men are not innate, because certain deaf-mutes have no sense of God or their immortal nature, without pausing to consider whether their sense-privations may not imply other and corresponding incapacities, or whether persons deprived of half the influences of civilization can be called civilized. The alternative belief, the author thinks, is that "Ghost-propitiation is the origin of all religions." Kinship of beliefs in races remote in time, and space, and culture appear to him to confirm this view. It never seems to occur to him that, granting his premiss, a totally different inference may be drawn from it; that it may be as plausibly argued that dreams, and ghost-beliefs, and ancestor-worship are a mode of impressing rude and savage men with the existence of an invisible world—rudimentary lessons on a level with their stage of civilization and with the lessons they are learning from the world of matter. Without an innate spiritual capacity, how could they have drawn the large inference of a Great Spirit from such obscure and fitful hints? But it is when the author comes to the Jews, the crucial case of a people with a special "genius for godliness," that his method most conspicuously fails. No ordinarily unbiased reader of the Bible can help seeing that, however crude and unworthy were the early Jewish ideas of their Deity, they were not derived from ghost or ancestor-worship; he was so obviously a being aloof and apart from themselves that it is his first distinction. What is to be thought of a philosophical dissertation on Old Testament religion which ignores the fact of progressive revelation, abreast with the advance of morality and civilization, which dwells with studious hostility on every degraded conception of the Deity, and takes no account of "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" or the pure and exalted religion of the fifty-first Psalm? Does Mr. Spencer seriously believe, or expect any one else to believe, that ghost-inspired ancestor-worship begot such utterances as these? It is possible to be narrow-minded without being a priest, and to worship a fetish without being a cannibal. We cannot follow him through his learned and really interesting account of the origin, development, and functions of priesthoods; their influence, he considers, "in many cases serves rather to degrade than to elevate," though he admits that

\* *Ecclesiastical Institutions.* By Herbert Spencer. London: Williams & Norgate.

*Assyria; its Princes, Priests, and People.* By A. H. Sayce, M.A. London: The Religious Tract Society.

*Movements of Religious Thought in Britain during the Nineteenth Century.* By John Tulloch, D.D., LL.D. London: Longmans & Co.

*The Social Results of Early Christianity.* By G. Schmidt, Professor of Theology in Strasburg. London: William Isbister, Limited.

*The Life and Times of Chrysostom.* By the Rev. Robert Wheler Bush, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: The Religious Tract Society.

*Pictures and Emblems.* By Alexander MacLaren, D.D. Selected by James H. Martyn. London: Office of "Christian Commonwealth."

*The Mystery of God.* By T. Vincent Tymms. London: Elliot Stock.

*In the Footsteps of Heroes.* By the late Enoch Mellor, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

*The Life of Jesus Christ the Saviour.* By Mrs. S. Watson. London: The Religious Tract Society.

*The Life of Lives.* By Rev. W. S. Lewis, M.A. London: The Religious Tract Society.

*Bible Heathens.* By Charles Martin Grant, B.D. London: Nisbet & Co.

*Unbelief.* By Maurice C. Hime, M.A., LL.D. Second Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

*Ten Schoolroom Addresses.* By J. P. Norris, D.D., Archdeacon of Bristol. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

*Familiar Instructions on the Church Catechism.* By Rev. Charles R. Ball. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

*Outskirts of Revelation.* By Henry Harris, B.D. London: Henry Frowde.

*"A Glad Service."* By Elinor Lewis. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

*"Jesus, Lover of my Soul."* With Illustrations by Clark Stanton, S.A. London, Edinburgh, and New York: Nelson & Sons.

*Notes of Infant-class Sunday School Lessons.* By S. E. Sparks. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

*A Collection of Scripture Promises under their Proper Heads.* By Samuel Clarke, D.D. London, Edinburgh, and New York: Nelson & Sons.



"they have been an indispensable component of social structures." This is a generous admission, if it is also true that where the clergy have been "solely in charge there has been not a higher but a lower standard of justice and mercy." This accounts for the bullying in public schools, and the most recent instance of "juvenile savagery" at King's College is satisfactorily explained by the fact that King's College is an institution founded and governed by Churchmen. Of course no boy is ever bullied at University College School, which is "non-clerical in its government and secular in its teaching." To speak seriously, considering the infinite majority of laymen, the prospects of the world are very hopeful, even if it should accept the teaching of a hierophant without spiritual insight, and of a philosopher without the sense of humour.

*Assyria; its Princes, Priests, and People*, is another contribution by Professor Sayce to his *By-paths of Bible Knowledge*. There is no need to tell the reading public that he is a conscientious investigator, or that he knows how to present his results in a form more interesting than a romance; no one who has read his earlier manuals will be likely to miss his *Assyria*. The strange history of the buried city or cities has a natural fascination; it is so closely connected with the one history that most Englishmen have any knowledge of, the materials were brought to light by an Englishman, they are so often looked at in the British Museum (with only a passing wonder), that an interpreter who can make these dry bricks live and tell their story of a living society ought to be welcome. The marvellous way in which these monuments illustrate and corroborate the Jewish records is now familiar, but the latest coincidence of a capture of Jerusalem by Sargon (who is only once named in Scripture, Is. xx.) ten years before the failure of Sennacherib, is worth noting, as fulfilling a prediction of Isaiah, thought before to have been a mistaken prevision, about the issue of Sennacherib's siege. What will most strike the thoughtful reader is, of course, not any such detail, but the skill and knowledge with which the nation is individualized, a people as distinct from Babylonians, for instance, as Englishmen from Frenchmen. The Assyrians were pure Semites; the Babylonians a mixed race. The Assyrians cared for little but war and trade, literature was the pursuit and privilege of the few; the Babylonians were agriculturists, a peaceful, studious, and superstitious people. The Assyrian was not so pious, he built palaces while the Chaldean was building temples and bestowing much more care on education than his northern neighbour. The people live again as we read of the wine they drank, their leases of property, their rate of interest on loans (usually as low as four per cent.), the sale of a house in Nineveh on May 16, 692 B.C., for 9*q*; indeed, history seems to repeat itself with unpleasant fidelity when we read that it was Sardanapalus who abandoned the old manly dangerous sport of hunting wild lions and took to "bagged" lions and battues.

In his *Movements of Religious Thought in Britain during the Nineteenth Century* Principal Tulloch has shown a wise instinct in tracing them to Coleridge as their source. He found the field of religion occupied by the Evangelicals, who regarded Christianity rather as something superadded to the highest Christian life than as the perfect development of that life; as a scheme of salvation authenticated by miracles rather than as a Divine philosophy. In a practical sense it was, no doubt, a living power to the conscience; Coleridge aimed at making it a living power to the reason, and, though there are aspects of Christian truth beyond us, he tried to show that it must be in vital union with the will, and must be conformable to reason. It must not only penetrate all life; but all life, public and private, must be the expression of it. From this view, embodied in *Aids to Reflection*, all the later streams of religious thought, from the early Oriel school, Whately, Hampden, Arnold, Copleston, Hawkins—the school of the "noetics"—down to Maurice, Kingsley, Robertson and Ewing are derived, as from a fountain of living waters. Even thinkers so much opposed to him, on the one side, as the leaders of the later Oxford school—Newman, Pusey, Froude, and Keble—and, on the other, Carlyle, J. S. Mill, Grote, and G. H. Lewes, have been affected by his philosophic and religious genius. Judged by their influence, no more germinant and generative books than *Aids to Reflection* and *The Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit* have been published this century; and they yet speak, not only through minds wide asunder as the poles, though taught by the same inspiration, but in the lives of many who have been reconciled to revelation by the large and human presentment of Christianity of some or other of the disciples of the first great prophet. The influence of Coleridge is really the text of Principal Tulloch's book; it is this which gives unity and interest to a series of sketches of the leaders of religious thought for the last sixty years, and turns what might have been a bald dictionary of opinions into a continuous narrative alive with human interest. He has touched each reproduction of the new thought in few words, but with no superficial hand; he has known how to penetrate to the essence of each man's philosophy, and to show its connexion and contrasts with previous expressions, in a volume small, but valuable to those who care to trace the development of thought in the great religious revival of this century.

*The Social Results of Early Christianity* is the title of a successful effort to win a prize offered by the French Academy for an essay on the subject, and Professor Schmidt displays his modesty in telling his readers that M. Chastel, of Geneva, ran a dead-heat with him for the first place no less than in the humble estimate he takes of his own performance. Bearing in mind the object of the

Academy, which was practical and not critical, he set himself to produce a popular Christian apologetic, to show modern society what it owes to Christianity, and to demolish the authority of the latest nostrum for the regeneration of the world—namely, the abolition of the Religion of Love. It is, of course, a well-worn subject, and there was not much that is new to say about it. The freshness of Professor Schmidt's Essay consists rather in his tracing the evils of Pagan society to the idea lying at the root of it—"egoism in the individual, despotism in the State"—and in the broad relief of his comparisons and contrasts than in any new matter which he has been able to produce. But he has done a good work. His is the sober prose, with its long list of authorities, of the indictment of Paganism and the defence of Christianity, as the poetry of the insensible permeation of the Christian spirit is to be found in *Marinus the Epicurean*. Mrs. Thorpe has rendered the German original into terse and idiomatic English; we do not know whether the author or translator is responsible for saying that "Gallio's younger brother was a philosopher, and the intimate friend of Seneca." Gallio himself was Seneca's brother.

*The Life and Times of Chrysostom*, however, show that Paganism died hard. It was probably due rather to the "un-Christian Christianity" of Constantius II. than to the philosophic Paganism of Julian, that Chrysostom found himself both at Antioch and at Constantinople ushered into a world of Pagan social reaction, and of more than Pagan vice, luxury, and profusion. His career and character are too well known to sketch even with the utmost briefness here; but Mr. Bush has brought out with commendable fairness his difficulties and temptations, his strength and weakness, his triumphs and his falls. It is hardly to be wondered at that one who was endowed with a double measure of the temperament of a popular preacher should be at one time unable to resist the victorious influence of Eudoxia, and at another should denounce her in terms as unmeasured as his adulation. He had in his emotional nature the strength of his weakness and the weakness of his strength; the real nobility of the man, however, survived the frailer ingredients of character, and gave lustre to his years of exile and his almost martyr death. The author has of course given the social, historical, political, and geographical surroundings in more detail than a student would require; but, as may be inferred from his publishers, he has not written for students, and for the readers for whom he writes he says all that it is necessary to know about Chrysostom in a manner which is popular without being unscholarly, and complete without being diffuse.

Mr. James H. Martyn, an ardent but indiscriminating admirer of Dr. Maclaren, has collected from his Sermons (which, we are interested to hear, "have won a high place amongst our Christian classics") everything in the shape of an illustration, and has managed by not being too particular to make up a volume of 284 pages. Imagine a preacher producing a thick volume of illustrations only. What must be the bulk of the pudding which contains all these plums? The selector says in his preface that Dr. Maclaren has had no part in the selection. This is tolerably obvious, as he would hardly claim the authorship of "We may change climates, but we do not change ourselves"; "Many a wild winter's day has a fair cloudless close"; "Wolves tear sick wolves to pieces"; "Character is made up as coral reefs," &c.; "As the sunflower turns itself to the sun"; "The thread of our day is a mingled strand"—all of which we fancy we have heard before, or promote to the dignity of illustration what is often only the language of metaphor. Dr. Maclaren must be aware by this time of the dangers of a too assiduous friendship, and will probably read the proofs as well as authorize the publication of the next volume of extracts from his sermons. As for the admirer, we venture to advise him to read some more "Christian" as well as other classics before he performs another act of devotion of the same kind.

*The Mystery of God* is the expansion into ten considerable lectures of some addresses which Mr. Vincent Tynms gave to a class of inquiring young men about two years ago on the "Intellectual Foundations of Christianity." He has done well to publish them; they are likely to be useful to the class to which in their earlier form they were addressed, and a study of them will probably do something to invalidate the too common assumption of some inevitable connexion between intellectuality and scepticism. Mr. Tynms pursues the natural order in his argument, disposing first of rival hypotheses of the universe, then meeting the objections to Revelation, and closing his series with the moral inferences as to life and conduct from belief. He wisely contents himself with not asserting more than he can prove, and he understands the value of admissions to an opponent, though for some reason, with which we cannot sympathize, he does not apply this principle to the theory of evolution. To use his own words, "All we know of the material universe is consistent with the belief that God made it, and within limits evolution may surely be regarded as one of the things we know—to the extent, that is, to which we know other scientific facts—namely, as being true as far as they have been tested. But this is a minute exception to our general satisfaction with a volume which is evidently the result of a good deal of reading of the sceptical literature, not of the author's own day only, and of some power of analysing and digesting what he has read. It may well be recommended to doubters who are youthful, busy, or uninstructed, as a fair, popular, and thoughtful presentment of what is to be said on the other side.

We have often had occasion to protest against the misleading titles of sermons, and *In the Footsteps of Heroes* is another

instance of the evil habit. It is the title of one, and that the last, of the sermons the volume contains. Dr. Temple's Bampton Lectures might almost as reasonably have been called by the same name. Besides this we have no other objection to make against the book, taken for what it seems to profess to be—namely, a tribute of affection to the memory of a pastor.

*The Life of Jesus Christ the Saviour* is a paraphrase and (as far as that is possible) a harmony of the Gospel narratives, with such explanations of allusions and events as appear necessary, and the didactic inferences suggested by the text. It contains, moreover, a good map to illustrate the history, and a large number of woodcuts, all of them of interest, and some of considerable merit; so that, on the whole, it is a book of some pretension, and the authoress may be complimented on a performance of which she takes a modest estimate. There is a prejudice against paraphrases and other dilutions of the Bible text; but they have their use.

Mr. W. S. Lewis's *Life of Lives* is a book on the same subject, totally different in method, character, and aim. It is a book for scholars, inquirers, and theologians. Taking the Gospel of St. Matthew for his text, which, in opposition to some recent authorities, he regards as the earliest "treatise of its sort," he proceeds to examine it by itself rather than as one of a series, as a whole rather than a collection of fragments; methods which, he thinks, have been too commonly pursued in modern inquiries. For the sake of more impartial estimate, he views his subject *ab extra*, in the dry light of criticism, and finds in the writer's narrative a unity of purpose and treatment, a consistent ideal, and a great catastrophe to which every step of the history leads up.

Mr. Grant has called his volume of sermons *Bible Heathens*, but it is rather a protest against calling such persons as Job, Ruth, Cyrus, Naaman, and the Queen of Sheba heathens, and it is perhaps a protest not altogether necessary in these days. It is quite clear from the Old Testament that pure monotheism was not confined to the Jews, and there is abundant reason to doubt whether the idolatries of the people of Canaan were not imported rather than indigenous, European rather than Oriental. The Philistines, who were non-Semitic, and the Tyrians, who were cosmopolitan, and by association Greek if by race Semitic, are quite enough to account for the polytheism of Palestine and its neighbourhood. Besides this objection to his title, we have nothing to say against Mr. Grant's sketches of his group of non-Judaic worshippers of God; they are pleasant and useful discourses to an ordinary congregation; none the less useful because they do not aim at being more than popular. But why has he left out Kingsley's favourite "heathen," Nebuchadnezzar?

Dr. Maurice Hime's plea for Christianity will be none the less useful to young men, to whom he addresses it, because he is a layman and a lawyer. Whatever may be thought of his proofs, which will remind the reader of Whately's *Christian Evidences*, his practical advice is pointed and sagacious, and would go far to render evidence unnecessary if it were acted upon. Premising that Christianity is not capable of demonstrative proof, he asks them to consider the presumptions in its favour. Recognizing in the ignorance of many doubters the weakness of the defence, he shows them the logical inconclusiveness of the attack, to which they yield without a blow. He tells his hearers and readers what to read and, most emphatically, what not to read; how to answer and when to be silent, not to dally with doubt or with the moral incentives to unbelief. Either way it is a serious matter, and those who mistrust a Christian apologist may be sobered by M. Renan's conclusion that "in reality few persons have the right to disbelieve Christianity."

The subjects of *Ten Schoolroom Addresses* of days long before the Elementary Education Act are not likely soon to be out of date, and Archdeacon Norris, with a lingering fondness for his old-fashioned schools, has wisely thought that their homely words on good manners and good feelings, on school work and answering questions, as well as those on the Church and the Bible, may be useful in larger and more highly organized schools, and may produce "results" as valuable as some of those which win the Government grant.

The experience of the writer of *Familiar Instructions on the Church Catechism* has convinced him that it is not a work of supererogation to add another to the many expositions of it. But it is surely not necessary to give his own conversational phraseology at full length. It may be assumed that this is a book for a teacher, not for a learner; if so, what is the use of making the book three times as big as it need be, and of making a teacher use another man's words instead of his own, the very thing he ought not to do? All that the teacher wants is a skeleton.

*Outskirts of Revelation* is the title of a book, small in size but rich in thought and learning, which deals with such obscure topics as the Mystery of the Brute Creation, the Devil and his Angels, the Fall of Man, the Restoration, and contains papers on the more modern questions of evolution and the unbelief of the day. Some fruit might have been expected of the long leisure which a small country parish has afforded to Dr. Harris since he left Magdalen nearly thirty years ago, and the ripe, if slender, crop appears in the pondered conclusions of wide reading and calm thought which mark these suggestive little papers. Staunch to his orthodoxy, he knows how to distinguish it from popular theology; respectful to physical science, he is aware of its inevitable limitations. In their briefness and pregnancy these short essays remind us of *Common Places*, delivered in the chapel of Christ's College, Cambridge, by the late George Howson, and they are likely to be as attractive to the thoughtful reader.

The author of "*Glad Service*" is thoroughly in earnest in her good work, and by argument, sentiment, allegory, and illustration tries to bring home to the simple hearts of children the truths in which she believes. She seems also to be a woman of common sense as well as of enthusiasm and emotion, and the combination is rare; for she warns religious teachers against pressing the reception of the Holy Communion before they have tried to awaken any spiritual life—a not unneeded caution.

"*Jesus, Lover of my Soul*" is an *édition de luxe* of Charles Wesley's well-known hymn, in all the glory of gilt edges, thick paper, and illustrations (by Mr. Clark Stanton). It is probably intended for a gift-book to young ladies, as in every picture the supplicant or the penitent is feminine.

Dr. Clarke's *Scripture Promises* was first issued with a recommendation from Dr. Watts (Stoke Newington, 1750), and it has now the further interest of being one of Gordon's pocket volumes. Its own merits probably would not (in our day at least) secure for its recent reissue the same circulation which its latest association is sure to command.

#### THE EMPIRE OF THE HITTITES.\*

SINCE the Irish waiter rushed into the subaltern's room with the news that some one had "fired in the air," there has not been a prettier reconciliation than we now witness in the realm of Khetology, or the science of Hittites. This useful study has hitherto "bred fruitful hot water for all parties," as Mr. Lirriper says. Sciologists have sneered at the Hittites and turned up their noses at the turned-up boots of that Bible people. It has been unkindly said that, when once a man took to Hittites, he found Hittites everywhere, from China to Peru. Dr. Wright's first edition of his *Empire of the Hittites* contained rather sharp things about Mr. Cheyne, whose views of Hittites were not orthodox enough for Dr. Wright. That scholar, therefore, called Mr. Cheyne's ideas "a survival," standing where it ought not in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Then Mr. Cheyne replied, and the *Academy* kindly opened its columns for a rather spirited rally between these divines. The correspondence is republished (with additional illustrations and copies of inscriptions) in Dr. Wright's new edition.

Round 1. Mr. Cheyne protests against "unprovoked aggressions of which I have been the victim in Mr. Wright's *Empire of the Hittites*." Mr. Cheyne thinks that he is more in the right than Mr. Wright.

Round 2. Dr. Wright thinks that, when Mr. Cheyne speaks of "friendly expostulations," he means "a private contemptuous letter" to the editor of the *British Quarterly*. In this letter Mr. Cheyne speaks of Dr. Wright—*leniently*—"as an aged American missionary, living at a distance from centres of thought and study." Dr. Wright does not think he need have shown that Mr. Cheyne's article was written at a very early stage of Hittite lore. "I had no right to assume that he was ignorant."

Here a foul was claimed, and with some reason, by the partisans of Oxford; but the affair was permitted to go on.

Round 3. Dr. Wright makes very pretty play with quotations from the *Saturday Review*. He does not think that Mr. Cheyne has a right to demand from him "omission of all references to his assertions."

Round 4. Mr. Cheyne shows a conciliatory spirit; but does not think much of Dr. Wright's quotations from *Saturday Review*, which, indeed, were never meant to apply to so really learned and sober a critic as Mr. Cheyne.

Round 5. Dr. Wright thinks Mr. Cheyne more courteous, but not less incoherent, than before. The champions now agree about everything, except "the accuracy of the account of the Hittites in the Book of Genesis."

Here the affair ended, much to the public satisfaction. But perfect peace has now entered this field of war, and Dr. Wright publishes in his preface a courteous and conciliatory letter from Mr. Cheyne. He says, and his words are in the true spirit of criticism, that he must regret "the haste with which many prominent speakers and writers have fostered the popular belief that archaeological discoveries are altogether favourable to the ordinary English view of the dates of the historical books, including the Pentateuch."

There is a foolish habit of shouting with orthodox glee whenever the spade turns up an Oriental relic bearing on early Semitic history. "The Bible is true, after all," people cry, as if any one in his senses ever denied that there was such a people as the Moabites, for example, or that Semitic tribes were once settled in and emigrated from Egypt. There is more scepticism than belief in this kind of orthodoxy. It is also a pity that in a science so very young as Khetology scholars should quarrel with each other about attitudes assumed four or five years ago, when the materials were even scantier and less understood than at present. When we can read Hittite inscriptions, it will be more near the time to dogmatize. Meanwhile to Mr. Gladstone's favourite study let men bring Mr. Gladstone's "open mind."

\* *The Empire of the Hittites*. By William Wright, D.D., F.R.G.S. Second edition. London: Nisbet. 1886.



## INTRODUCTORY STUDIES IN GREEK ART.\*

**L**ECTURES, when published, do not always make good books. The chief drawback to Miss Harrison's *Introductory Studies in Greek Art* is, that the book (like Mr. Henry James's heroine in *The Bostonians*) "has lecture-blood in its veins." The chapters appear to have been delivered as lectures, probably in the British Museum. That method of instruction is useful, perhaps indispensable, in teaching archaeology, because at the Museum the pupils have the objects before their eyes. Little can be done in this lore without the presence of the very bronze, or vase, or marble, or what not, on which the professor discourses. The place of these things cannot be supplied by a few black little illustrations, "processed" in some way or other. But lectures like Miss Harrison's are a real legitimate form of teaching, and have only accidental relations with the verbal froth and foam of the American lecture-platform. Nevertheless it is not well that a book should retain the peculiarly condescending, explanatory manner of talking down to the level of the very dullerest project. This is the fault of Miss Harrison's book; this is the distressing feature in these industrious and competent essays. Miss Harrison knows a great deal about ancient art; she has read the best books, and studied minutely in the great museums. Nevertheless her manner makes the book rather uncomfortable reading, especially as she never ceases to use the word "we." "We" do this, "we" look there, "we" take that, and so on, till the "we" becomes like the "sympathetic we" of the affable physician to his patient.

We, for our part, have now enjoyed our grumble, and can congratulate Miss Harrison on most of the matter, if by no means on the manner, of her volume. Any lady who reads it, and diligently follows the teacher's steps in the British Museum, comparing with the text the actual marbles and other relics, will have a fair acquaintance with what is at present thought about the development of ancient art. Miss Harrison first lays down general principles, based on the threefold division of the realistic, the fantastic, and the idealistic elements in the art of the classical and Oriental peoples. Thus in Egyptian art, the realistic method, with a blending of the fantastic, was the rule; Assyrian was realistic in secular, fantastic in religious work; Greece reached idealism; while it might be added that the fantastic figures of Phœnicia and Chaldaea found their place in the decorative designs of Greece. But in decoration it does not appear to us that Greece ever made such a happy use of fantasy as the Egyptians did in much of their wood-carving, as the mediæval artists did in grotesque, and as is done by the Japanese.

In her pages on Egypt, Miss Harrison tries to account for the admirable realism of the Ancient Empire, and to show how it declined into the later conventional forms. The explanation, that the *ka*, or partly spiritual double of the dead, needed an exact portrait, and that hence came the realism, has never satisfied us. But it is true that as the belief in the tomb-haunting *ka* gave place to the idea of the wandering soul in the worlds of Hades art became more and more conventional and less real. The later monotony, the lifelessness of representations of the human form, Miss Harrison traces partly to the material used—the hard granite. But the limbs of the wooden statue of Nefert in the Boulag Museum are just as much "glued together," though the material is easily worked, as the limbs of Rhamsees in granite. Therefore it was not the material used that suggested this immobility, like that of the Greek seated figures from Branchidæ. The use of hieroglyphs in which representation was necessarily scamped to the last degree had a more obvious and demonstrable influence on the art of Egypt. "Hence the abstractedness, the multiplied monotony, the uniform iteration," for everything in Egyptian art and myth, and religion gradually saw its full life waste away, and became a hieroglyph, a symbol, an abstraction.

From Egypt Miss Harrison passes to Chaldaeo-Assyria, whence Greece doubtless borrowed some fantastic figures of monsters which came to be employed in decoration. But Greece was never so great, we think, in the representation of animals as Assyria, and we know not in Greek art a beast so natural and pathetic as the wounded Assyrian lioness of the British Museum. The Greeks were so abominably ideal, if we may speak heretically, that they did justice neither to the lower forms of beasts (except horses) nor to the undeveloped forms of children. Phœnicia next occupies the author; but we have all heard by this time all that can at present be said about the contact between early Greeks and the crafty Sidonians, as asserted by Homer, and proved by the excavations of Cesnola, in Cyprus, and by other diggings in Italy and Greece. Miss Harrison is probably right in holding that, though the Phœnicians brought to the Greeks the alphabet, and, as it were, the alphabets of some of the arts, the knowledge of mechanical processes, and so forth, yet they found "naturalistic beginnings" of an autochthonous Greek art. It is impossible to suppose that the race with the purest and strongest artistic gifts had no native art before they met the influence of Sidonian and Egyptian teachers. But are the very beautiful designs on the swords of the Mycenaean graves examples of the art which was the invention of the Achæans? The designs are extremely Homeric, representing scenes in the chase of lions, and other sporting adventures dear to the fancy of the poet. They are wrought in gold of different colours, like the beautifully-

coloured metals which the Japanese employ so well. In the "Shield of Achilles" Homer mentions this kind of work, with which he was doubtless familiar. But certain scenes, such as the cheetah setting up the wild ducks, worthy of Landseer, in a papyrus swamp, appear to us distinctly of Egyptian origin and inspiration. These, then, if we are right, do not illustrate the autochthonous un-borrowed art of Hellas. Miss Harrison quotes Milchoffer on this point, and we do not know his book; but there is no denying the Egyptian treatment of that Egyptian plant, the papyrus. But the Homeric Greeks knew the plant, and a rope made of it is mentioned in the *Odyssey*.

It is to Selinus that Miss Harrison turns for Early Greek sculpture, and her descriptions of the city of the parsley crown is very picturesque. We do not feel constrained to believe, with her, that the Gorgon is of Oriental origin. Indeed, Greece had, undeniably, a rich native assortment of ancient savage deities, theriomorphic, or zoomorphic, in form, and apt to develop, as in other religions, into twy-formed monsters. Miss Harrison says that the gods in Greek art are never beast-headed, like

Those beast-headed hulks that trod  
Swart necks of the old Egyptians,  
Rough draughts of man's, beginning God.

"The head is human," says our author (p. 26), but (p. 179) she remembers the horse-headed Demeter of the Phigalians. There was also a bull-Dionysus, and apparently (according to Dürcker) a bull-headed Zeus. We fail to see that these antiquities, natural to the backward stages of all religions, need to be explained by "a flood of Oriental contagion of hideous forms and still more hideous practices." The Greeks could provide the home market in such things perfectly well out of their native resources. As a matter of fact, the less they were in contact with the East, the more savage were their gods; the more they became familiar with Egypt, the more purely anthropomorphic did their gods become, owing to the general development of the Greek character. Aristotle himself, in his speculations on the evolution of religion, writes:—"They held the Gods to be sometimes anthropomorphic, sometimes to be in the forms of certain of the lower animals" (*Metaph.* xi. 8).

This, however, is a mere digression in the course of Miss Harrison's interesting account, well illustrated, as it should be, from Plato, of the development in the direction of the ideal. She spares her neophytes a minute discussion of the too numerous theories about the meaning of the broken groups from the Parthenon. Throughout she makes proper use of Greek literature in its parallel process by the side of Greek art and Greek religion, and she ends with "an attack" (as the Pergamene artists would say, could they speak) on the art of Pergamos.

We have not concealed our distaste for some points in Miss Harrison's book; but it will be found useful, we think, by people who take up the study of her subject in a serious spirit. The chief thing needful is that they should examine the rich collections so near at hand in the British Museum, and that, like Miss Harrison, they should make Greek poetry and philosophy companions in their researches.

## TWO BOOKS FOR BOYS.\*

"**FOLLOW MY LEADER**" is a genuine story of school-life. It begins, continues, and ends at Templeton, wherever Templeton may be. It follows the fortunes of three boys whom it finds just departing from their preparatory school, and whom it leaves not very far advanced in their progress through Templeton. Yet it consists of three hundred and seventy-six pages, which may be considered rather a large space to be devoted to such a theme. Mr. Talbot Reed, however, justifies the scale on which he narrates the adventures of "the Firm," as Richardson, Heathcote, and Coote are called, by the abundance of incidents which he crowds into their career and the liveliness with which he describes them. Mr. Reed is not above his subject or ashamed of it. He enters with immense zest into the politics of Templeton, just as if Templeton were England and its rules the British Constitution. This is the proper spirit in which to write for boys about boys, though it is probably true that boys usually prefer to read about men. Templeton is a school governed by a very strict monitorial system, and nothing is more remarkable about this animated story than the complete effacement of the masters, who might be so many Grévy's for all that is seen or heard of them. On the other hand, the monitors are very prominent indeed. But for the fact that it is on the sea, we should infer that Templeton was Rugby. It is, at any rate, a school after Dr. Arnold's own pattern, where by the aid of self-consciousness and thick sticks the Sixth Form enforces morality, as morality is understood by Sixth Form. A captious critic might object that Mansfield and Cresswell and Freckleton, and the whole lot of them, were as obtrusive a set of young pigs as any one would desire to see. But given the system, for which Mr. Reed cannot be held responsible, the results are very much what might be expected. The one monitor

\* "Follow my Leader"; or, the Boys of Templeton. A School Story. By Talbot Barnes Reed, Author of "The Willoughby Captains," "The Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch," "My Friend Smith," &c. With eight original illustrations by W. S. Stacey. London: Cassell & Co.

For Fortune and Glory: a Story of the Sudan War. By Lewis Hough, Author of "Dr. Jolliffe's Boys," "Jack Hamilton's Luck," &c. With eight original illustrations by Walter Paget. London: Cassell & Co.

\* *Introductory Studies in Greek Art*. By Miss J. E. Harrison. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

who is naughty, and who ceases to be monitor in consequence, is rather a mysterious character. Beyond the suggestion that he always "makes cads of fellows" who have much to do with him, that he buys an improper book, and that he tries to take rather a mean revenge on "the Firm" for getting him degraded, Pledge does nothing particularly bad. He expresses strong opinions about the sanctimonious self-complacency of his colleagues in the Sixth, and there it is difficult to avoid a sneaking sympathy with him. Mr. Reed is entitled to the credit of having entirely eschewed the morbid tone which characterizes so many books for schoolboys, notably Archdeacon Farrar's. "*Follow my Leader*" is thoroughly healthy from beginning to end, and can do nobody any possible harm. It is also full of real fun. Mr. Reed perfectly understands the nature of the beast with which he is dealing. His boys are natural boys, not rapid, sentimental hobbledheys. They are not so good as Mr. George Meredith's. But they are quite equal to any other contemporary writer's, not excepting His Honour Judge Hughes. We cannot do better than quote as an illustration Richardson's letter to his father about a scrape into which the boy supposes himself to have got by cutting a boat adrift from its moorings, premising that the letter is the first information received by Mr. Richardson, senior, on the subject:—

DEAR FATHER.—Please come down here as soon as you can. We're in a regular row. I'm awfully afraid fifty pounds will not quite cover it. Please try and come by the next train, as the case comes on on Saturday, and there's not much time. We saw the magistrate yesterday and made a clean breast. I hope they won't transport us. He was very jolly, helping us find the scent, and gave us a stunning lunch. We ran the big hunt right through, and are pretty sure to get our names on the "Sociables" list. I wish you and mother could have seen the view on the top of Welkin Beacon. The awkward thing is that Tom White may get transported instead of us, and it would be jolly if you could come and get him off. Coote wasn't in it, but he's backing us up. How is Tike? I hope they wash him regularly. If I'm not transported I shall be home in eight weeks and three days, and will take him out for walks. Love to mother, in which all join. Your affectionate son, BASIL.

P.S. If you come, don't take Fegan's cab, he's a cheat. Old White will drive you cheap. He's Tom's father. Georgie sends his love.

Have public schoolboys lately taken to calling each other by their Christian names? If *Dominat qui in se dominatur* be indeed one of the Templeton mottoes, the Templeton mottoes must be in remarkably bad Latin.

Mr. Hough has, perhaps, not quite enough imagination to excuse his contempt for probability. But schoolboys will not distress themselves on that score, and they will find *For Fortune and Glory* full of what is called stirring adventure. How the theft of two wills in Dublin is connected with the destruction of Hicks Pasha's force in the Soudan we must leave Mr. Hough's readers to find out for themselves, merely premising that the connexion is ingenious, if not exactly natural. The family to which Harry Forsyth, the hero of this story, belongs is blessed with an eccentric member, who expresses the ideas of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt in the style of a mendicant gipsy. "I see it," he says, in the familiar cant, "the crescent rises; the sordid hordes of the West fall in ruin around. The squalid denizens of cities find the fiendish devices of destruction to which they trust for putting the weak over the strong fail them. Man to man they have to stand, and they fall like corn before the scythe." This lively and intelligent talker, who chooses to call himself the Sheikh Barrachee, enters the service of the Mahdi; and, if the Mahdi saw much of him in private, we must confess to feeling a pang of pity even for the "False Prophet." The Sheikh, however, is not a fair specimen of Mr. Hough's characters, who are by no means all bores. Harry Forsyth and his companions at school, who afterwards serve as young officers with Sir Gerald Graham, are lively fellows enough, rather above than below the level of the novelist's conventional subaltern. Mr. Hough, it may be observed, speculates with considerable freedom on the history of the Egyptian campaigns. He has, for instance, a theory, which it is almost impossible to reconcile with Gordon's Diary, that Gordon sent Stewart away under false pretences, Gordon's real object being to save Stewart's life. He also gives a personal sketch of Hicks Pasha, which would be more valuable if there was reason to suppose that he had any authority for it. Beyond the fact that Hicks was a retired colonel of the Indian army, very little is known about him, and his tragic fate is sufficient to make any addition to one's knowledge interesting. But Harry Forsyth's impression of him is a little too suggestive of those notions about the appearance of "great men" which have found favour with bad writers in all ages. "Presently," we are told, "Hicks Pasha looked up, and Harry at once recognized one who is born for command. There was no mistaking the bright eye, which seemed to look into the man it rested upon; the firm and manly features, the will expressed in the strong nervous hand. But it is in vain to attempt to explain this, which at the same time everybody can understand." So Bishop Butler said of miracles, but the world is still disputing as to what a miracle is, and we cannot conscientiously say that Mr. Hough has contributed much to our knowledge of Hicks Pasha. He is more successful in explaining why the British soldier is called "Tommy Atkins," but then that, if we mistake not, was pretty well known before. Some information will also be found on the great bayonet scandal. Mr. Hough describes school life at Harton with sympathy and judgment. He does not make the boys amusing, but, as a matter of fact, they seldom are. Harton is Eton, and not Harrow, as we gather from the fact that you are "sent up for good" there—a rather depressing piece of local colour, but almost the only one. One of these Hartonians, who airs his classics at

Khartoum, is very severe on "senators" who quote *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*, instead of *nos et*. It is, perhaps, time that the line, which has not even the merit of being classical, ceased to be quoted at all. Mr. Hough's indignation with the Mahdi for wearing Third Trinity colours is quaint, and rather funny—quite as funny as he succeeds in being, except where he doesn't mean it, and calls the couplet beginning "His honour rooted in dishonour stood" "Tennyson's famous conundrum."

#### THE STAGE IN CHINA.\*

PRÉAULT said of Ingres that he was a Chinese who took himself for an Athenian. General Tchong-ki-Tong is a Parisian who pretends to be a Chinese. He has read everything, seen everything, understood everything; and there is nothing of all that he has understood and seen and read but has suggested its *mot*, and is dismissed in a neat and pointed saying. 'Tis the 'Badian's only fault that "he really too brave"; 'tis the one defect of General Tchong that he really too witty. *Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus*; 'tis the vice, as he declares, of the actors of his fatherland. "Ils ont des prétensions à l'esprit," says he, in (to borrow a word from Mr. Hardy) his well-known merry way, "alors que personne ne les oblige à en avoir." That he resembles them in this particular is almost our only quarrel with him. He writes French like P.-L. Courier or M. Albert Wolff; he turns a phrase as neatly as Joubert or M. Henri Rochefort; not Rochefoucauld, not M. Grévin himself, is more prodigal of aptly conceived and tartly worded sentences. "Dites-moi ce que vous jouez," he opines, "et je vous dirai ce que vous êtes"; and as one reads, one feels that he is right, and one hopes, with all one's heart, that he may never have occasion to diagnose the English national character by means of the English national theatre. "Il n'y a," he remarks politely, "que les maris trompés qui manquent à notre scène pour qu'elle ait un air tout à fait occidental"; and one wonders if, after all, the late Arnold Mortier be really dead, and if, were he still alive, he would have said that better. In an earlier book he told of concubinage in the Flowery Land; he confesses that he feared lest in his tale he might have wounded the susceptibilities of his fair readers; he finds that he was mistaken, that on this particular subject he may unpack his heart to any extent, that (in fine) "quand on parle de la femme on est toujours certain d'être écouté." That, as a good American might say, is "real smart"; but it is only General Tchong at his lightest and most playful. When he concludes that "la défiance est une vertu," which may be defined as "la présence d'esprit à l'état permanent," or concludes that "le plus grand des philosophes s'appelle Croquemitaine," he becomes quite frightening. He is frightening, too, and withal a little humiliating, when he appears (as he is fond of appearing) as an intimate of Plautus and Molière and Destouches; when he quotes La Fontaine and analyses Racine and M. Dumas *filz*; when he translates Shakespeare, parodies Corneille, breaks a lance with M. Taine, and demonstrates to admiration the inherent weakness of historical drama. And the worst is that on reflection he is seen, like Mr. Harry Walmers, to have "done it all equally beautiful." M. Stanislas Julien himself was not nearly so well acquainted with Chinese as is General Tchong with French of Paris; Dr. Legge is scarcely so expert in Confucius and Lao-Tzeu as the General in Hugo and Voltaire. What Parisian that ever was born could give us such a brilliant imitation of a *première* of, say, *Les Femmes Pauvres* at Pekin as we have here of the *première* at the Porte-Saint-Denis, of the immortal *Pi-Pa-Ki*, the masterpiece (in forty-two tableaux) of the illustrious Kao-Tong-Kia, at once the *Hamlet* and the *Misanthrope* of the Chinese theatre? When the General, speaking as the critic of the *Temps*, remarks that the drama has not been played without certain changes, "nécessités par les exigences de notre théâtre, que les auteurs chinois du xix<sup>e</sup> siècle ne paraissent pas avoir bien connu," we believe in the existence of two Francisque Sarceys, and look out for the appearance of "la scène à faire." Nothing can prevent General Tchong from being the cleverest person (M. Sardou not excepted) of Europe and Asia, and why he does not edit the *Figaro* or the *Gil Blas*, and write the greater part of both, becomes a question not to be asked. There is never a red-haired barbarian living who could do in Pekin what he has done, and means to go on doing, in Paris; and, if only he told us more about the stage in China than, à force de vouloir avoir de l'esprit, he is content to do, we should profess for him a boundless admiration.

For the little we are told is of exceeding interest. In China, where everything is old, the stage is one of the oldest and most popular of institutions. It is recognized as a moral agency, and it is kept from backsliding by edicts the most rigorous in intention, the most respectable in quality; its drama fills some thousands of volumes; it has its laws, its conventions, its traditions, its *genres*, its types, for all the world like the great theatres of the West. As in Japan to-day, as in seventeenth-century France and Jacobean England, its servants are outcasts and celebrities at once. It is the thing for high-toned mandarins and persons of consideration to have playhouses of their own (as was the fashion in the France of Pompadour and Mme. de Maine), and to treat their guests to after-dinner performances by companies specially engaged; while as for strollers playing for the

\* *Le Théâtre des Chinois*. By General Tchong-ki-Tong. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.



million, the Flowery Land may fairly be said to teem with them. It costs little or nothing to manage a travelling theatre, we are told. Given a few trestles, a few boards, bamboos for columns, mats for thatching, a painted cloth or two for wings and background, as many benches as your space will hold, and by the wayside, or in a corner of the city square, the house can be run up in a couple of hours. The denizens of the quarter subscribe; the local mandarin assists; and straightway the theatre is in full working order. Costumes, scenery, appointments—to all these luxuries the Chinese is profoundly indifferent. He asks no more than a good play and half a dozen actors; that much is enough for him. He has, says General Teheng, the true sentiment of the stage, the right playgoer's instinct and capacity; he is interested not in spectacle, but in drama and in histrionics; he supplies the necessary illusion from within, and to him those European theatres, where nothing has been forgotten save the acting and the play, would seem a weariness and a mockery. As for the actors themselves, it is hard to gather from our author whether they are good or bad. He writes of the delights of strolling as sympathetically as he were Banville himself, or had sat hip to haunch with the lamented Albert Glatigny; but he does not much besides, and one cannot help wishing that on this point, as on certain others, he had given his readers a little less wit and a little more information. We learn from him, it is true, that, as in Japan, all female parts are played by boys; that the principal types affected by the Chinese dramatist are nine in number—the great lord, the heavy father, the "young bachelor," the "low comedian or libertine," the old woman, the soubrette, the go-between, the "young girl of noble birth," the courtesan, and the "woman of equivocal virtue." But whether these parts are well played or ill; on what convention they are composed and in deference to what tradition sustained; how they are dressed, how they are spoken, how they are considered and received; whether original readings are permitted, or if the Chinese pitte respects a reading in proportion to its antiquity—for light on all these points we must go elsewhere than to General Teheng.

On the subject of the play proper—farce, comedy, history, domestic drama—our author is luckily more prodigal of news. In the Chinese drama, it appears, there are as many styles as there are literary epochs in Chinese history. Each style is appropriated to a particular epoch, and has a name of its own. Thus the dramas of the Mongol period are known as "Joys of Established Peace"; those of the Soudi dynasty as "Divisions of the Quiet Streets"; those of the Song emperors as "Divisions of the Woods in Flower," and so forth. The best, we are told, are the Tsa-ki plays, which belong to the Yung period, the greatest in Chinese literary annals. Of these, so far as we can discover, one of the finest examples is the *Pi-Pu-Ki*, or *Story of the Lute*, to which we have already referred. It is here analysed at some length, and as several scenes of it are translated, we are able to form a certain notion of its merits and its fitness for the stage. The primordial idea is, as it seems to us, decidedly dramatic; but, as worked out by the gifted Kao-Tong-kia, a good deal of the drama disappears. To speak of it in detail is impossible here. We can only say that in the first tableau the hero, Tsai-Yong, who, like all his kind, is a youthful and engaging Bachelor of Arts, leaves his aged parents and his young and lovely spouse, the interesting Tchao, to attend an examination at Pekin; that he wins the prize, and therewith the hand of the amiable and accomplished Nieou; that in her society he forgets his father and mother and eke his first wife; that the old people die of want and are buried with all the honours by the virtuous Tchao; that the virtuous Tchao makes her way to Pekin, and wins a precarious livelihood by singing songs in praise of the domestic virtues; and that Tsai-Yong, having recognized her (it would seem) by the sound of her lute, repents of his wickedness, takes her once more to his heart, and, accompanied by both his wives, returns to his native place, and does honour to his venerable dead in such pious rites and ceremonies as are their due. There are pretty scenes in the play; but there is uncommonly little action, with an inordinate amount of talk; and, on the whole, its chances in any theatre in these latitudes are more doubtful than General Teheng in the ardour of his patriotism affects to believe. A Tao-Tse farce, the *Transmigration of Yo-Cheou*, would fare better, and an experienced adapter would make something, we believe, of a certain famous comedy—a Chinese version of *L'Avare*, the full title of which is (roughly translated) *The Slave of that Wealth with which He Declines to Part*.

The Chinese have invented many things, and among them is the vaudeville. A peculiarity of all these pieces—indeed, of the whole Chinese drama—is that certain parts of the dialogue are spoken and certain parts are sung. When the actor has to make a statement, he makes it in his natural voice; but when he has to point a moral, or express a philosophical idea, he does it in song. Applied to our own stage, this practice would have admirable results. For instance, the British sailor would dash to the rescue of the Injured Heroine with his accustomed lion-ramp and the "Back, villains! Dastards, come on!" of old time. Then, however, uplifting his manly baritone to music, he would warble forth the well-known moral, and in melody declare that the man who would lay his hand upon a woman, saving in the way of kindness, is unworthy the name of an Englishman. This example, and the reflection that in England, as in China, every actor would be (as it were) his own slow music, may perhaps suffice.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE third and fourth volumes of the Duke d'Aumale's History of the Condés (1) make a book too important to be briefly dismissed. We here chronicle its appearance, and shall hope shortly to do it justice at length.

For another reason M. Gabriel Charmaes's (2) views of naval reform do not require much more than notice of their appearance in a book. We have before now dealt in our leader columns with the most salient points in them—M. Charmaes's admiration of the Algerine naval ideas of the eminent Admiral Aube, his childlike trust in gunboats and torpedo-boats, and his remarkable belief that Admiral Courbet's exploit of getting behind a fortified post as a friend, and then attacking it from behind as a foe, was a feat of arms not much short of the Nile or Trafalgar. But *fas ab hoste*, and M. Charmaes ought not to be neglected by naval reformers, more particularly by those who have at heart the prevention of Admiral Aube's chivalrous design on unfortified English coast-towns.

M. Léon Rousset's *A travers la Chine* (3) is not a new book. But its account of the country with which it deals is all the more interesting that M. Rousset's knowledge of that country was not obtained by mere touring or mere "missions," but by residence in an official position at the arsenal of Foochow—the identical establishment which his countrymen have since disestablished after the fashion admired of M. Charmaes. As, moreover, the first appearance of the book dates no further back than 1878, it practically represents acquaintance with the China of the present day. M. Rousset travelled as well as resided, and has much to say about the interior; indeed, his whole volume is of a kind by no means common in French libraries, where, though mere tours have become frequent of late years, solid, and at the same time entertaining, accounts of modern foreign countries are still very much to seek. The book is well illustrated, and shows very little, if anything, of the greatest blemish that can be found in any book of the kind—the foolish and illiberal pseudo-patriotism by which, it is to be feared, travellers of all nations are too frequently affected. Indeed, in one place M. Rousset very candidly confesses that the result of his own clever countrymen's well-known administrative genius and zeal in the French concession at Shanghai was that at one time almost all Frenchmen of any consideration lived in the English and American quarters, preferring the Union Jack or the stars and stripes with liberty to the tricolour plus small bureaucratic tyranny.

M. Bergerat's *Caliban* (4) (different from, yet not wholly without kinship to, M. Renan's) is, though rather unequal, amusing in parts, and not unworthy of "Théo's" son-in-law. It is a series of satirical sketches of modern French ways, a little hit-or-miss in character, but not unfrequently hitting, if sometimes missing. A good-humoured charge on M. Leconte de Lisle is as meritorious in one way as a charge in the English sense on the young men of M. Zola is in another.

We have before us two reading-books (5, 6), both well enough suited to the beginner. But we wish that Mr. Clapin or anybody else would tell us what is the use of a note translating "du plat de son épée" "with the flat of her sword," especially in a book with a vocabulary. The boy or girl who, after turning up *plat*, "flat," and *épée* "sword," cannot make out the phrase must be a kind of idiot whom it is perfectly useless to teach; the boy or girl who can make it out is deprived by the translation of all mental benefit.

We have never been among the most enthusiastic admirers of M. Feuille's novels, but nobody can deny that he has made a very strong hit in *La morte* (7). It is easy to say that his good heroine, Aliette de Courte-heuse, shows too much of his old weakness for the *blanche hermine*, who is not quite a human being; and that his wicked heroine, Sabine Tallevant, who blandly requests her scientific uncle to retire *son Daruin* when he objects to her having committed a cruel and deliberate murder under trust, is a caricature. But, as a matter of fact, Aliette is not at all more than natural, and, if Sabine is a little less, the skill with which the novelist works up his agony and adjusts his circumstances almost, if not quite, naturalizes her. There is something more of trick, though of trick which is not below the dignity of the art, in the way in which the book begins (the hero himself speaking or writing), in the extreme modern *gouailleux* style, and, just when the reader is beginning to tire of this, drops into simple narrative with a grave apology to the effect that the hero was not really such a coxcomb as he made himself out. Altogether the machinery of the novel is excellent, and the interest admirably sustained. M. Feuille has done few things better than the scene where the second Mme. de Vaudricourt, tired of the husband she has won (unknown to him) by crime, develops her theories of matrimony.

(1) *Histoire des Princes de Condé*. Par M. le Duc d'Aumale. Tomes iii. iv. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *La réforme de la marine*. Par Gabriel Charmaes. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(3) *A travers la Chine*. Par Léon Rousset. Deuxième édition. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Vie et aventures du sieur Caliban*. Par E. Bergerat. Paris: Dentu.

(5) *Contes historiques*. Par Eugénie Fou. Edited by G. A. Neveu. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Jeune d'Arc*. Par A. de Lamartine. Edited by A. C. Clapin. Cambridge: University Press.

(7) *La morte*. Par Octave Feuillet. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN dealing with the oft-told campaigns of the Parliamentary army from the opening of the war to the "crowning mercy" of Worcester, Major N. L. Walford, R.A., manages to infuse a good deal of spirit into his military survey of a well-threshed subject. *The Parliamentary Generals of the Great Civil War* (Chapman & Hall), although one of a series of "Military Biographies," scarcely possesses true biographical roundness and finish. Its distinguishing merit lies in the clear and exact account it furnishes of the active services of the leaders of the popular party. The introduction gives some rather meagre sketches of the chief actors in the stirring events of 1642-51; but its most valuable feature is the author's comparison of the art of war in modern times and in the seventeenth century. The history of the various campaigns is narrated with all the conciseness necessary to so complex a subject, and is further aided by excellent plans of the battle-fields of Edgehill, Newbury, Marston Moor, Naseby, Dunbar, and Worcester.

Miss Blind's second contribution to the "Eminent Women Series," *Madame Roland* (Allen & Co.), is a careful and coherent memoir, free from extreme exaltation of view, and showing skillful condensation of the abundant material at hand.

The story of Elizabeth's parsimonious conduct of affairs during the crisis of the Spanish Armada, familiar through the pages of Motley and Mr. Froude, is illustrated afresh by Mr. T. C. Noble's very interesting essay *The Spanish Armada, 1588* (Alfred Russell Smith), to which is appended a reprint of a curious document published in 1798, entitled "The Names of those Persons who subscribed towards the Defence of this Country at the time of the Spanish Armada, 1588, and the Amounts each contributed." Although the original MS. of this list of names is lost, Mr. Noble produces such evidence of its authenticity as to place its historical value beyond doubt. A copy of the original quarto tract of 1798, with notes by the Rev. Samuel Lyson, is in the author's collection of historical MSS. and papers, together with a copy of a Report made by Mr. John Bruce, of the State Paper Office, in 1798, in which the compiler observes, "from the names and orthography, the MS., which I have not seen, is probably authentic." This opinion Mr. Noble shows to be thoroughly sound. The MS. may perhaps turn up one day, rescued, like the "Cæsar Papers," from a butter-shop; for it is but a step, as Mr. Noble well observes, "from the muniment room of a family mansion, or the rubbish-shed of some public institution, to the waste-paper shop or the buttermilk store." In the meanwhile the author's vindication of the verity of so interesting a document is a real gain to students of history.

We are glad to note the appearance of a second edition of Ross Neil's charming poetic drama, *Elfinella* (Ellis & Scrutton). Since its production at the Princess's in 1878 the author has written several plays in historical tragedy and pure comedy that possess the dramatic qualities that make stage-plays effective; yet they share the unmerited neglect of original work in an age of adaptations. Unfortunately there is at present no sign of a change in the attitude of managers towards contemporary English drama.

*Ned Stafford's Experiences in the United States* (Sampson Low & Co.) is professedly the story of a young Englishman who, after much wandering, settles in Florida and succeeds as a grower of oranges, though the guise of fiction is too slight to distinguish the book from the average record of the tourist.

*Songs of Old Canada* (Montreal: Dawson) is a little volume of translations by Mr. William McLennan, whose aim has been to give metrical versions that may be sung to the old music popularly associated with the French originals. On the whole, the rendering is spirited and faithful. Some of the songs, as the famous "Malbrouck," and "Brigadier," are of European fame, while others are charming examples of old chansons and ballads introduced by early Canadian settlers and tenaciously preserved.

Canon Bright's *Iona, and other Verses* (Rivingtons) includes several "poems of places," descriptions of Irish and Scottish scenery, in a meditative vein of poetry expressed in good individual verse. Some of the hymns should find a place in the national hymnology.

Among our new editions are Barclay's *Apology* (Glasgow: Murdoch); Dr. Hook's lectures, *The Last Days of Our Lord's Ministry* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); the thirteenth edition of *The Student's Latin Grammar* (Murray); vol. iv. of the "Avon" edition of *Shakespeare's Works* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); *The Silver Question and the Golden Question*, by Robert Barclay, second edition (Effingham Wilson).

Dr. Archibald Geikie's *Class-Book of Geology* (Macmillan & Co.), illustrated by many excellent woodcuts, is one of the most useful volumes of the series of "Manuals for Students."

We have received *The Religious Aspects of Philosophy*, by Professor Royce, of Harvard (Boston: Houghton); a reprint in Latin and English of the tract of Vincentius Lirinensis against heresy (Parker & Co.); *Duty and Privilege*, by Charles Anthony (National Press Agency); *Poems*, by M. A. S. (Williams & Norgate); *A Time and Times*, by A. Werner (T. Fisher Unwin); *The Life of Joseph Marchand*, translated from the French by Lady Herbert (Dublin: Gill); *Vagrant Verses*, by Rosa Mulholland (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); *Discarded Silver*, by Claromont Daniell (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.).

*How to Teach Geography* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is a little guide full of common-sense hints for young teachers. *Composition Exercises* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) suggests many uses as an

elementary class-book; it would prove of equal service as a reading-book and for dictation-classes.

In the article of last week on "The Short Story" the *Boston Evening News* should be the *Bolton Evening News*, the proprietor of which paper, Mr. W. F. Tillotson, has introduced the system upon which we commented.

The conductors of the *Times* have had a very good inspiration in starting the publication of the Parliamentary debates from that newspaper weekly in a separate form. The size, a goodly but not cumbersome quarto, is well chosen; the print is excellent and the arrangement skilful. Most people who have anything to do with the conduct or the discussion of public affairs know the misery of searching files of newspapers, while the alternative of *Hansard* is slow, bulky, and expensive. Let us hope that some sufficient, though not necessarily elaborate, indexing will be added at the end of the year, and let us suggest that the advertisements should, if possible, be stitched separately, so as to be capable of omission in binding. The annual volumes will be stout enough as it is.

## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

## CONTENTS OF NO. 1583, FEBRUARY 27, 1886:

- Calling in the Jacobins.  
*The Unemployed.* *The Woman's Suffrage Bill.*  
*A Very Queer Game.* *And the Home Secretary?*  
*Lord Randolph Churchill at Belfast.* *Last Words on Burmah.*  
*The Hyndman "Boom."* *Railway Rates.*  
*Dogs and the Law.* *"Punch" and Contempt of Court.*  
*Valour under Difficulties.* *The Irish Financial "Grievances."*  
*Proceedings in Parliament.*
- The Peelites.*  
*Taken at Word.* *Fishponds—II.*  
*Bishop Hannington.* *The Muzzle.* *The House of Laymen.*  
*The Theatres.* *The Reduction in the Bank Rate.*  
*Some Minor Exhibitions.*  
*The Crystal Palace Concerts.* *"It was a Mistake."*  
*A Lesson from the "Columbine."*
- A German History of the English Constitution.*  
*Five Novels.* *Bullen's Middleton.*  
*Four Medical Books.* *Croom Robertson's Hobbes.*  
*Nineteen Books on Divinity.* *The Empire of the Hittites.*  
*Introductory Studies in Greek Art.* *Two Books for Boys.*  
*The Stage in China.* *French Literature.*  
*New Books and Reprints.*

## CONTENTS OF NO. 1582, FEBRUARY 20, 1886:

- The Government of Anarchy—The Riots and the Police—Lord Cardwell—The Electric Tree—Lord Salisbury on the Anarchy of Government—Childers's Children and Others, coram Childers, J.—The Welsh Land League—Respondent and Co-respondent—Panacea for Poverty—The Ring in France—Ireland—Recreations of the London Bough—Imperial Federation—The Resumed Session.*  
*Henry Bradshaw—An Old Demagogic Hand—The Short Story—A New "Oxford Movement"—Another View—Randolph Caldecott—A New House of Commons—Antoinette Riquard—Yachting—What really "Vittoria" our Title to Ireland—The Crystal Palace Concerts—The Extreme Cheapness of Wheat—The Theatres—Royal College of Music—The Ballad Concerts—"Inquiry and Examination."*  
*The New Shikari—Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton—Lesser Classical Books—Perthshire on Forth—Cicero's Myths and Dreams—Seven Stories—A Dictionary of Islam—Waldstein's Art of Pheldia II.—The Praise of Gardens—The Dawn of the Nineteenth Century—Portraits at Panahanger—French Literature—New Books and Reprints.*

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.